

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1887.

EDINBURGH AND ITS MEMORIES.*

I.

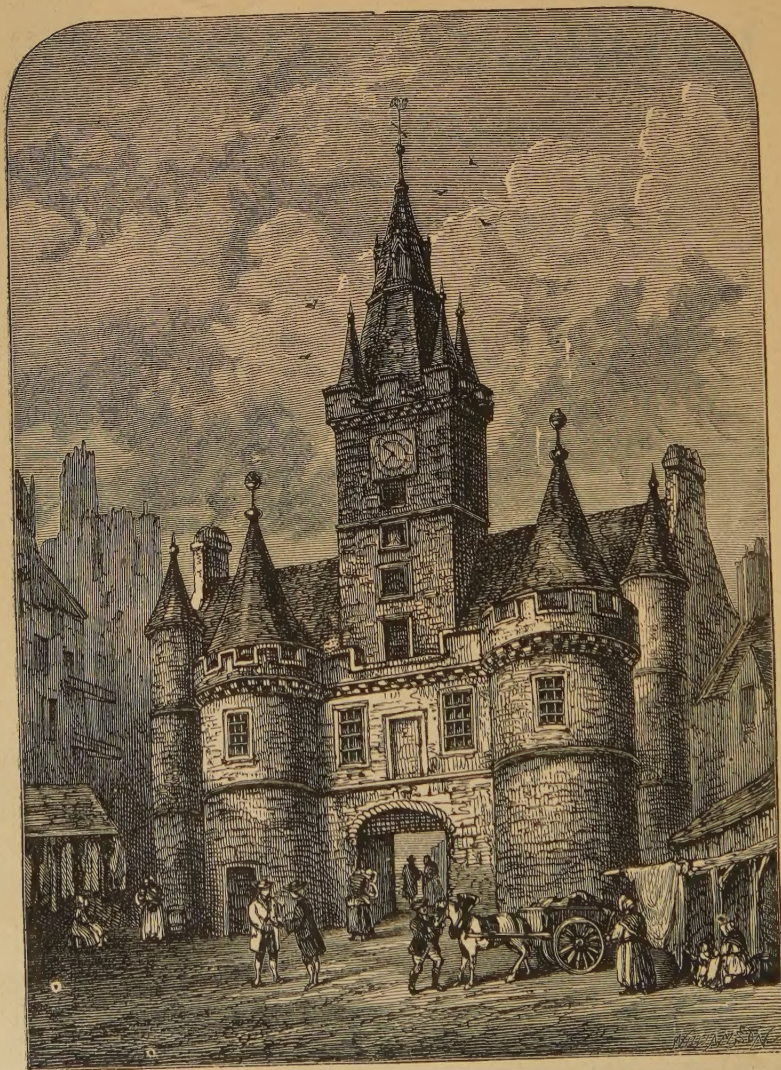
EVEN thus, methinks, a city reared should be,
Yea, an imperial city that might hold
Five times a hundred noble towns in fee,
And either with their might of Babel old,
Or the rich Roman pomp of empery,
Might stand compare, highest in arts enrolled,
Highest in arms, brave tenement for the free,
Who never crouch to thrones, or sin for gold.
Thus should her towers be raised ; with vicinage
Of clear bold hills, that curve her very streets,
As if to vindicate, 'mid choicest seats
Of Art, abiding Nature's majesty,—
And the broad sea beyond, in calm or rage,
Chainless alike, and teaching liberty.
—A. H. Hallam.

No city in Europe occupies a grander site, and few cities in the world are invested with more heroic or romantic associations, than Edinburgh. Poets and artists have alike joined in the praise of its beauty. Sir David Wilkie, whose cultured taste was familiar with the noblest scenery that the Old World had to offer, thus writes of fair Dun-Edin : " What the tour of Europe was necessary to see elsewhere, I now find congregated in this one city. Here are alike the beauties of Prague and of Salzburg ; here are the romantic sites of Orvieto and Tivoli, of Genoa and Naples ; here, indeed, to the poet's fancy, may be found realized the Roman Capitol and the Greek Acropolis."

**Edinburgh: Past and Present.* By J. B. GILLIES. With notes of the County, Historical, Descriptive, and Scientific. By REV. JAMES SMALL, FLORA MASSON and DR. GEIKIE. With 150 illustrations, small 4to, pp., viii.-264. Edinburgh : Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier ; Toronto : William Briggs. Price, \$3.60.

VOL. XXV. NO. 3.

For a graphic historical description of the ancient borough, with copious pictorial illustration, we are indebted to the volume mentioned in foot-note, page 193. Through the courtesy



THE NETHERBOW PORT.

of the publishers we are able to present a selection from the admirable engravings which accompany the volume. To this interesting work we are also indebted for much of the informa-

tion contained in these pages. It is a perfect mine of curious lore. It records the mythic history of the grim old Castle, from 989 B.C., where "Ebrauke, ruler of Britayne—as testifieth Policronica—edifyde the Castell of Maydens, now called Edenhrough." Assuredly the Castle rock must have been a stronghold far back in prehistoric times. The history of the old fortress may be said to be a history of Scotland, and, in large part, of England as well. The story of its battles and sieges, its tumults and strifes, its marriage pageants and funeral pomps, brings the dead past very vividly before us. Of Edinburgh, as of another Old World city, may it be said :

Quaint old town of toil and traffic ;
Quaint old town of art and song ;
Memories haunt thy pointed gables,
Like the rooks that round thee throng.

After giving the public history of the ancient capital from the earliest times to the present day, the volume devotes a series of interesting chapters to its domestic history. Under the head of Law and Order, it describes the "tulzies" and bickers ; the riots and mobs of opposing factions, and of the turbulent populace, which were in the stormy times of civil strife so frequent an occurrence. The beggars, "fulzie," city guard, and town pipers, are all duly immortalized. The chapter on social habits and recreations describes the sumptuary laws, the games and revels, and popular amusements of mediæval and more recent times. The drinking customs, not only of the convivial townsmen, but of grave ministers and elders, left much to be desired in the way of temperance reform. But in recent times, Dr. Guthrie and other leading Edinburgh divines were also foremost workers in the temperance cause.

A chapter of nobler record is that on Edinburgh literature and art. Certainly, no city in Europe has better claim to the name of the Modern Athens than this ancient borough. The group of noble busts and statues of her great men in Princes Street Gardens can be paralleled, so far as we know, only by the statues of the famous sons of Florence in the courtyard of the Uffizi Palace.

Our author then proceeds to describe the public buildings and institutions of Dun-Edin, with their historic associations and memories. Of these, two are among the most interesting in Europe—the grim old Castle at one end of the town, and the

ruined Abbey and grey Palace of Holyrood at the other. Of the quaint old churches the associations are of scarce less absorbing interest—St. Giles, St. Cuthbert, Old Greyfriars, and the rest. The rivals of these are the municipal institutions—the Tolbooth, the Parliament House, the Advocates' Library,



HOUSE OF CARDINAL BEATON AND THE COWGATE.

and the like, which find here their fitting chronicle. A noble record is presented of the charitable and educational institutions of the city, from the famous "hospital" of good George Heriot, and the university, to the most recent institutions of Christian philanthropy. Two fascinating chapters are devoted to the monuments and minor antiquities of Edinburgh, the quaint old wynds and closes, the historic courts and houses, the

footprints of Knox and Moray, and Hume and Jeffrey, and Scott and Burns, and Chalmers and Duff. Concluding chapters describe the glorious environment of the city—the hills and lochs—the Esk Valley, and Roslin, and Hawthornden, with all their stormy or tender memories. The copious illustration of the



WHITE-HORSE INN AND CLOSE, CANONGATE.

to the city of his early love and patriotic pride.

We turn now to notice a little more in detail some of the features which we have briefly outlined. One of the best views of the city is that from the monument-crowned Calton Hill. One who knew and loved it well thus writes:—

“It includes the Old and New Towns, with their many points of in-

terest, and memories of Knox and Murray, Rizzio and Bothwell, Covenanters and Episcopalians, Porteous and Rob Roy; the high roofs of the Canongate and Tron Churches; the noble bulk of St. Giles' Church; and the grand old crag crowned by the dark battlements of the ancient Castle. In one direction rises the green and undulating mass of the Pentland Hills, suggesting sweet dreams of ferny dells and shadowy hollows; in another, the sunshine falls eerily on the romantic elfin region of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag; on a third, the eye travels rapidly over the low champaign country, with its copses, mansions, corn-fields, and pastures, that opens out on the southern shore of the Firth;—not to forget the Firth itself, that glorious estuary, whose broad bosom seems yearning to embrace a thousand Armadas, and whose 'weltering waters' sweep far away, past town and fishing-village, to wash the rocky foundations of the Isle of May and the Bass, and mingle in the depths of the German Ocean."

Good Christopher North thus rhapsodizes over this view:

"Weigh all its defects, designed and undesigned, and is not Edinburgh a noble city? Arthur's Seat! how like a lion! The magnificent range of Salisbury Crags, on which a battery might be built to blow the whole inhabitation to atoms! The Calton with his mural crown! The Castle on his cliff! gloriously hung round with national histories along all his battlements! Do they not embosom him in a style of grandeur worthy, if such it be, of a 'City of Palaces'?"

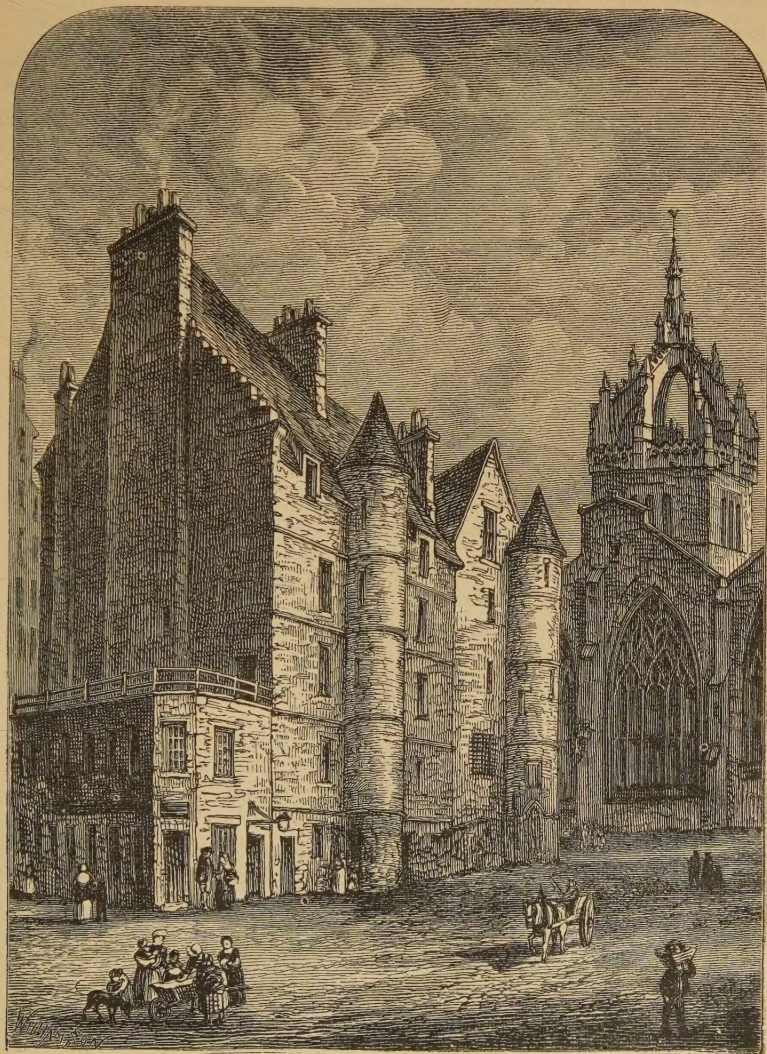
"Ay, proudly fling thy white arms to the sea,
Queen of the unconquered North?"

"How near the Firth! Gloriously does it supply the want of a river. It is a river, though seeming, and sweeping into, the sea, but a river that man may never bridge; and though still now as the sky, we wish you saw it in its magnificent madness, when, brought on the roarings of the stormful tide,

"Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began."

"Two separate cities, not twins—but one of ancient and one of modern birth—how harmoniously, in spite of form and features characteristically different, do they coalesce into one capital! This miracle, methinks, is wrought by the spirit of Nature on the world of Art. Those eternal heights hold the double city together in an amity that breathes over both the same national look, the impression of the same national soul. In the olden time the city gathered herself almost under the very wing of the Castle; for in her heroic heart she ever heard, unalarmed but watchful, the alarums of war, and that cliff, under Heaven, was on earth the rock of her salvation. While antiquity breathes over that wilderness of antique structure picturesquely huddled along the blue line of sky—as Wilkie once finely said—'like the spine of some enormous animal,' yet all along this side of that unriveted and mound-divided dell now

shines a new world of radiant dwellings, declaring, by their regular but not monotonous magnificence, that the same people whose 'perfervid genius' preserved them by war unhumbled



OLD TOLBOOTH AND ST. GILES.

among the nations in days of darkness, have now drawn a strength as invincible from the beautiful arts which have been cultivated by peace in the days of light."

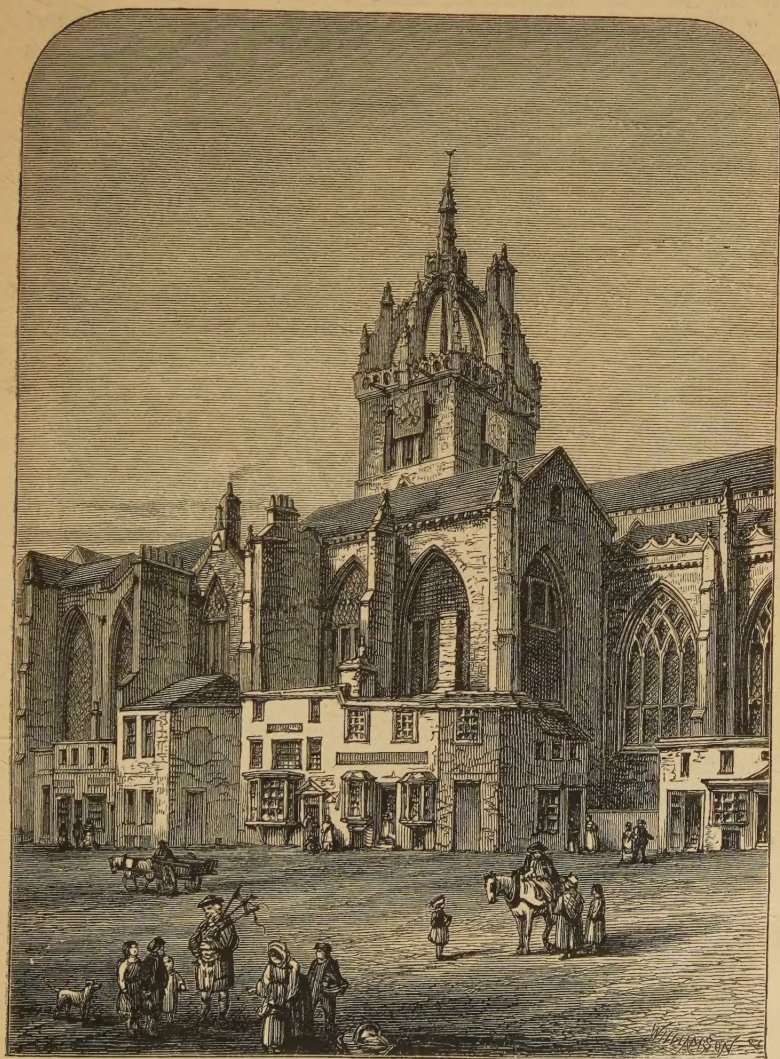
My own first visit was to the noble Scott monument, where I had a bird's-eye view of scenes over which he has cast an undying spell. Beneath the arch is a marble statue of the great enchanter, and filling the many niches are the figures that he called from the realm of fancy, and enbreathed with life forever. The deep ravine of the North Loch, now a charming public garden, crossed by lofty traffic-crowded bridges, separates the picturesque and historic old town from the handsome new city. The lofty, narrow, crow-stepped buildings of the former, rising tier above tier, especially when lit up at night, have a strangely picturesque appearance. It was like a dream, or like a chapter from the "Heart of Midlothian," to walk up the Canongate, the High Street, the Lawnmarket, between the lofty and grim-featured houses. My garrulous guide pointed out the Tron Church clock, which he said "was aye keepit twa minutes fast, that the warkmen might na be late;" and the old St. Giles Church, where Jenny Geddes flung her stool at the prelate hiring "wha would say a mass in her lug."

Here are buried the Regent Murray and the great Earl of Montrose, and without, beneath the stone pavement of the highway, once part of the churchyard, lies the body of John Knox. A metal plate with the letters, "I. K., 1572," conjecturally marks his grave—the exact position is not known—and all day long the carts and carriages rattle over the bones of the great Scottish Reformer. Near by, the site of the old Tolbooth is shown by a large heart marked in the stones of the causeway.

"From whatever point of view you look down upon Edinburgh," says a Scottish writer, "the Castle and its rock become the focus of the picture—to which everything else seems to converge, as all the thoughts and feelings of a poet's song gather towards one predominant and overmastering motive. It would be difficult to exaggerate its effect in an artistic sense, so great is the dignity, so sublime the depth, which it lends to the scene; but undoubtedly it owes a portion of its influence to what we may call its moral and intellectual conditions—to the contrast which it visibly and perpetually embodies between the commonplace present and the romantic past—to the strange associations of legend and history, of old chivalrous times and of men and women whom we are also accustomed to regard as chivalrous, which it evokes from the shadows of the dim centuries, like the shapes that flit across a magic mirror.

"All the history of Edinburgh is more or less intimately connected with the Castle. A fort is supposed to have covered its

dark massive ridge even in days anterior to the Christian era. A village afterwards grew up around the Castle, and as early as 854 seems to have been in a flourishing condition. It was



THE HIGH CHURCH.

created a royal burgh by David I., who also founded the Abbey of Holyrood, and licensed its monks to erect the suburb of Canongate. It continued to afford a much-needed shelter to the Scottish Kings—to Alexander I., David I., Malcolm IV.,

Alexander II., William the Lion, Alexander III., and subsequent sovereigns—during many years of storm and disaster. In 1296 it was captured by Edward I., and was held alternately by the Scots and English for many a year.

"The Castle, though still maintained under the provisions of the Act of Union, has long ceased to possess any importance as a fortress, and now mainly serves as a barrack, and certain purposes of State pageantry. The entrance to it is through a palisaded barrier. The visitor then crosses a drawbridge, which spans a dry moat, and passing batteries on either side, proceeds along a narrow causeway to a long vaulted archway. The structure surmounting it was a State prison, where the great Marquis of Argyll was at one time confined."

In a little chamber about eight feet square, James VI., only son of Mary Stuart, and future King of England, was born; and it is said he was let down in a basket from the window to the Grassmarket, three hundred feet below. On the ceiling is a quaint black letter inscription:

**Lord Jesus Christ that crowned was with thorne,
Preserve the bairn quha heir is borne.**

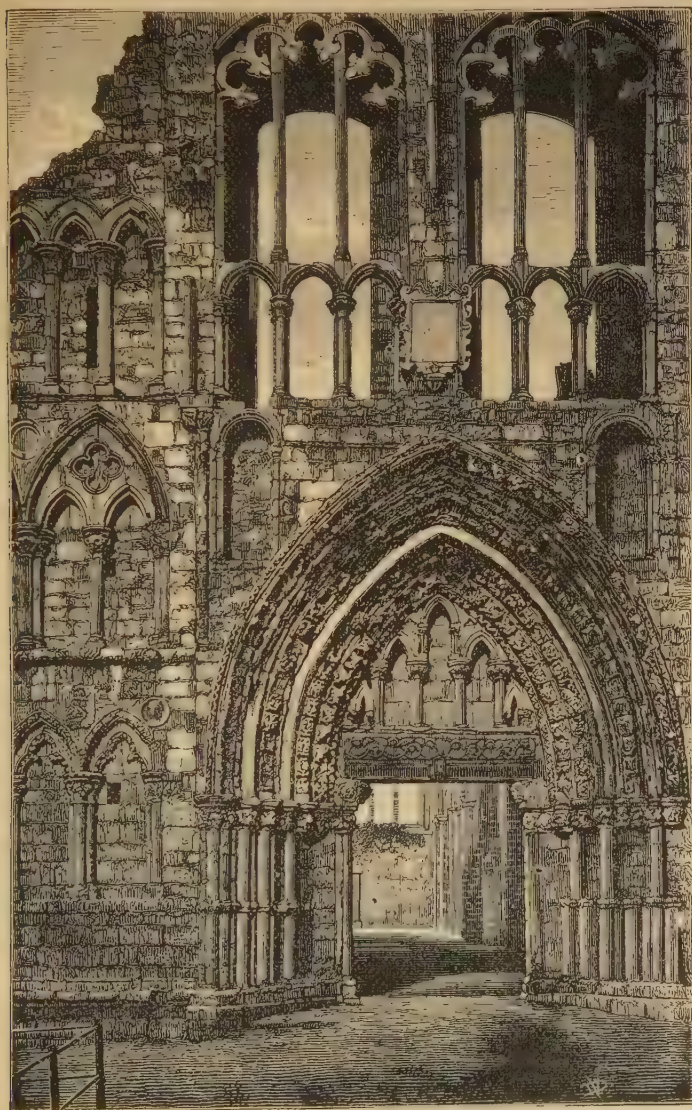
St Margaret's Chapel, the oldest ecclesiastical building in Edinburgh, and said to be the smallest in Scotland, was the private oratory of Margaret, Queen of Canmore, who died in 1093. It has the mouldings and the ornamental capitals characteristic of the Norman architecture.

From the Castle to the Palace of Holyrood stretches the long and narrow street—the most picturesque in Europe—which bears successively the names of the Lawnmarket, High Street, and Canongate.

In the following graphic descriptive passage the accomplished author of "Edwin of Deira" gives proof of not less brilliant powers in prose than in verse:

"In that street the houses preserve their ancient appearance; they climb up heavenward, story upon story, with outside stairs and wooden panellings, all strangely peaked and gabled. With the exception of the inhabitants, who exist amidst squalor and filth, undeniably modern, everything in this long street breathes of the antique world. If you penetrate the narrow wynds that run at right angles from it, you see traces of ancient gardens. Occasionally the original names are retained, and they touch the visitor pathetically, like the scent of long-withered flowers. Old armorial bearings may yet be traced above the doorways.

Two centuries ago fair eyes looked down from yonder window, now in the possession of a drunken Irishwoman. If we but knew it, every crazy tenement has its tragic story; every



FRONT OF HOLYROOD ABBEY.

crumbling wall could its tale unfold. The Canongate is Scottish history fossilized. What ghosts of kings and queens walk there! What strifes of steel-clad nobles! What wretches

borne along, in the sight of peopled windows, to the grim embrace of the 'maiden.' What hurrying of burgesses to man the city walls at the approach of the Southron! What lamentations over disastrous battle days! James rode up this street on his way to Flodden. Montrose was dragged up hither on a hurdle, and smote, with disdainful glance, his foes gathered together on the balcony. Jenny Geddes flung her stool at the priest in the church yonder. John Knox came up here to his house after his interview with Mary at Holyrood—grim and stern, and unmelted by the tears of a queen. In later days the Pretender rode down the Canongate, his eyes dazzled by the glitter of his father's crown; while bagpipes skirled around, and Jacobite ladies, with white knots in their bosoms, looked down from lofty windows, admiring the beauty of the 'Young Ascanius,' and his long yellow hair. Down here of an evening rode Dr. Johnson and Boswell, and turned into the White Horse. David Hume had his dwelling in this street, and trod its pavements, much meditating the wars of the Roses and the Parliament, and the fates of English sovereigns. One day a burly ploughman from Ayrshire, with swarthy features and wonderful black eyes, came down here and turned into yonder churchyard to stand, with cloudy lids and forehead reverently bared, beside the grave of poor Fergusson. Down the street, too, often limped a little boy, Walter Scott by name, destined in after years to write its 'Chronicles.' The Canongate once seen is never to be forgotten.

"It is avoided by respectable people, and yet it has many visitors. The tourist is anxious to make acquaintance with it. Gentlemen of obtuse olfactory nerve, and of an antiquarian turn of mind, go down its closes and climb its spiral stairs. Deep down these wynds the artist pitches his stool, and spends the day sketching some picturesque gable or doorway. The fever van comes frequently here to convey some poor sufferer to the hospital. Hither comes the detective in plain clothes on the scent of a burglar. This is the kind of life the Canongate presents to-day—a contrast with the time when the tall buildings enclosed the high birth and beauty of a kingdom, and when the street beneath rang to the horse-hoofs of a king."

The approach to Holyrood Palace and Abbey traverses the area of what was once a royal garden—Queen Mary's Garden—and the *locale* in her time of a lion's den. Holyrood Abbey was founded by David I. in 1128. Both Palace and Abbey were destroyed by the English army, under the Earl of Hertford, in 1543—only the magnificent Gothic church escaping the flames. The Palace, however, was speedily rebuilt. In the history of the Palace the principal events are those connected

with Mary Queen of Scots, with its memories of guilt and gloom. Here is the chamber in which Knox wrung the Queen's proud heart by his upbraidings; the supper room—very small—in which Mary was dining with Rizzio and her Maids of Honour, when Darnley and his fellow-assassins climbed the winding stair, and murdered the unhappy wretch clinging to his royal mistress' skirts, and then dragged his body into the Queen's bedchamber, where the blood stains are still shown

upon the floor. The Queen's bed with its faded tapestries, her private altar, the stone on which she knelt, her meagre mirror, her tiny dressing room, and the embroidered picture of Jacob's Dream, wrought with her own fair fingers, make very vivid and real the sad story of the unhappy sovereign, who realized to the full the words,

“Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.”

The picturesque old Palace has often been occupied by the Sovereign in whose veins still runs the blood of the Stuarts, but whose many virtues, as woman, wife and Queen, will preserve of her a happier memory than that of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Scots.

The wynds and closes of the ancient town, once the abodes of the Scottish nobility, are now the squalid lairs of misery and vice. Once high-born dames and knightly men banqueted in carved chambers now the degraded purlieus of poverty and crime. Some of these have still interesting historic associations, as the houses of the



ADVOCATES' CLOSE.

Duke of Gordon, of Earl Moray, of Hume, Boswell, Walter Scott, and others of distinguished name and fame. I penetrated some of the grim closes, which surpassed aught I ever saw of squalidness, and was glad to find myself safely out again.

IN THE TRADES, THE TROPICS, AND THE ROARING FORTIES.

BY LADY BRASSEY.

III.

A PLEASING land of drowsy head it was ;
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass.



MIDNIGHT AT SEA.

Sunday, October 28th.—At an early hour this morning, the mountain-tops of the island of Tobago were faintly visible in the distance, the wind was fair for Trinidad and the Port of Spain, the capital of that island, and thither we were now bound. One advantage was gained by our missing Tobago : we had daylight by which to admire the splendid scenery on the north side of the Island of Trinidad, which shortly opened to our view, and which is among the finest I have ever seen. The

coast is precipitous, and very varied; high and rocky in places in others covered from the summit of the mountains to the water's edge with the thickest vegetation. As far as we could see from the yacht, the flora appeared to consist of palm-trees of various kinds, and all the luxuriant growth of a virgin tropical forest, in which were embosomed small white houses, surrounded by clusters of tiny brown huts, like a swan encircled by a brood of cygnets. These were the habitations of planters; and each snowy-hued mansion stood in the midst of a plantation of sugar-canes or cocoanuts. It was also possible to distinguish large quantities of aloes, yuccas, and dragon-trees, which give a right tropical aspect to the scene. We passed through what might be described as almost a sea of cocoanuts, so thickly did the fruit cover the surface of the sea with its great husks. At a distance the effect produced was very curious. One live creature came out as if to give us a welcome—a cormorant seated on a little raft, which I suppose he had found somewhere, made of two planks of wood, or perhaps the lid of some old box, on which he was floating pleasantly and happily along on the waves.

The sea was curiously discoloured all along the coast, more especially when we turned the corner, so to speak, and went through the Boca de los Huevos. This discolouration is produced by the muddy waters of the Orinoco, discharged from its many mouths on the coast of Venezuela, nearly a hundred miles distant, and bringing down alluvial deposits from the far-off Andes. I thought, as each little stick or weed went floating by, of the marvellous scenes and adventures through which it must have passed, and how I would give the world to behold what it had had no eyes to see.

It was no less a person than the great Columbus who gave the names which they now bear to the entrances to the Gulf of Paria—narrow passes or mouths (Bocas), the navigation of which is somewhat intricate. The channel which lies between the southern shores of Trinidad and the mainland is called the Boca del Serpiente, or Serpent's Mouth; while the northern entrance to the gulf, called the Dragon's Mouth, or Boca del Drago, is subdivided into four channels, the Boca de los Monos, or Monkeys' Passage, the Boca de los Huevos, or Egg Passage, the Boca de los Navios, or Ship Passage, and the Boca Grande. We passed through the narrowest of the four—the banks of which were so close to us on either hand that it seemed as if

the cocoanuts might fall on deck, or the giant reeds brush against the vessel's sides—noticing on our way the wreck of an unfortunate ice-ship, which had run on a rock and was gradually going to pieces. On emerging from the strait, and entering the Gulf of Paria, an enchanting scene met our delighted gaze. The sea, which was absolutely calm, had recovered its natural colours—dark blue where it was deep, light green where it bathed the edges of the pure white coral reefs or lazily lapped the shores of the verdant isles with which this glorious bay is studded.



SIGNAL-STATION AND WRECK IN THE
BOCA DE LOS HUEVOS.

As we neared the town of Port of Spain, the capital of Trinidad, great excitement was caused throughout the yacht by the report—sent down from aloft, I believe, by Tom, who was acting as his own look-out man on this occasion, as on many others—that an English man-of-war was lying in the harbour. The fair white ensign could be seen fluttering at the peak; and soon it became visible to us also from the deck. The flag of Old England is always a pleasant sight, whether it be the red ensign borne by a merchant-man, hurrying across the ocean, bearing news and produce from one far-off land to another; the blue, carried by a ship commanded by an officer of the Royal Naval Reserve; or the white ensign floating over the wooden—or, as I fear they must now be called, the iron—walls of Old England.

After a short interval, a closer inspection of that which had aroused so much interest, and the aid of a friendly puff of wind,

which displayed more plainly the drooping colours, enabled us to see that what we had taken for a British man-of-war was in reality a German frigate, the *Olga*, on board which Prince Henry of Prussia, the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Germany and of our own Princess Royal—as we still love to call her—is serving as a lieutenant.

At the pretty little signal-station on the hill a good look-out was being kept, and soon our national flag was run up to welcome us; in reply to which we made our number, and exchanged cordial greetings by signal.

It was barely 1.30 p.m. when we dropped anchor in our first West Indian port. As soon as we had obtained pratique, we were boarded by the harbour-master, Mr. Norman, who was profuse in his offers of help, and shortly afterwards by Captain Bingham, aide-de-camp to the Governor, Sir Sanford Freeling, who was equally kind. A carriage was waiting at the landing to take us for a drive; and Captain Bingham informed us that the Governor particularly wished Tom and me to dine with him that night at a quiet dinner, at the special request of Prince Henry.

The heat was intense; but as soon as we landed we—or at all events I individually—forgot all about the temperature, so many and so strange were the objects that met our view. There were negroes with their funny merry faces, long trailing dresses and swaying gait; graceful little brown coolies of every caste and sect; and representatives of the large mulatto and yellow-faced population, of no particular race:—all appeared to be quite as much amused with us as we were with them, which made us feel more easy in using our eyes and making the best of the opportunity of gazing at all the strange sights that presented themselves. I think the adjutant-birds (“Johnny crows,” as they call them here) impressed me as much as anything. Their odd, grotesque ways, their exceeding tameness, and the demurely methodical manner in which they perform the useful work of scavengers, are most entertaining. Then there was the vegetation. But to describe that is next to the impossible. We went up through an avenue of almond trees, passing numerous small gardens, each of which was filled with plants of what seemed to us a rare kind, growing in such affluence as would have delighted the heart of the Curator at Kew. Over our heads waved palms of every description, cocoanuts, breadfruits, jujubes, and hundreds of others; while in the savanna, which

closely resembles an English park, herds of cattle grazed beneath the shade of huge silk-cotton trees and acacias. Like many of the population, the cattle were of a mixed breed, short-horns and Alderneys feeding peacefully beside Brahminee bulls, zebus, and queer little Hindoo cattle, something like Brittany or Kerry cows.

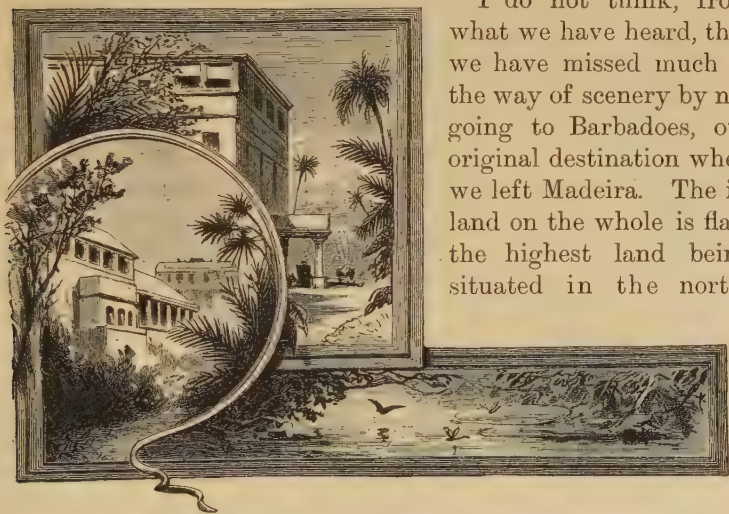
Most of the cows belong to coolies, who are the milkmen of Port of Spain. The savanna itself extends to the foot of the mountains by which the town is partly surrounded. The Governor's residence is on one side surrounded by the Botanic Gardens; on the opposite side is the hospital, while merchants' villas occupy favourable sites.

We reached Government House just at dusk, when the fire-flies were beginning to show us the light of their little lanterns and to flit about among the grass, where they look as if some of the minor stars had come down to visit the earth. We joined our friends in the enjoyment of the cool air in the garden; but were soon driven in by the night dews and mosquitoes. Rooms had been placed at our disposal; but we did not avail ourselves of them, except to dress, as we preferred sleeping on board the yacht. The luxury of a huge marble bath, so large that one could almost swim in it, and of the shower-bath attached to it, was very great, after the comparatively short allowance of *fresh* water to which we have been limited for the last three weeks. The intense heat has naturally made the economy we have been obliged to exercise in this matter rather trying; but it has been necessary to set an example, for sailors are proverbially careless, and do not think of the morrow, while land-servants can hardly be expected to understand, however often they may be told, that there is a limit to the supply of *fresh* water even when sailing on the bosom of the salt ocean. Before the tanks were locked up, and the water was carefully allowanceed, four tons were consumed in the first three days after leaving Madeira, a rate of consumption which, considering that we only carry fourteen tons altogether, including the store in the reserve tanks, would soon have produced a water-famine in the ship; whereupon the very men who had been responsible for the waste would doubtless have been the first to turn round and reproach us. Salt-water baths three times a day, followed by a complete change of clothing, we all found refreshing in the hot weather; and some members of the party, who suffered a great deal from thirst,

even went so far as to assert that a long immersion was almost equal in its effects to a hearty draught.

Nobody could have received us more kindly than Sir Sanford Freeling and his daughter, Miss Freeling. His Royal Highness, too, was most pleasant; and we were very glad to meet him again, and to be introduced to his officers, Captain the Count von Seckendorf, Lieutenant Fritze, and Dr. Thörner. We had a pleasant dinner in a charmingly airy room, far cooler than many a London dining-room in summer. The drawing-room was equally spacious and pleasant. Except at the Straits Settlements (Singapore), I have never seen a finer Government House, nor one so well arranged in every respect.

I do not think, from what we have heard, that we have missed much in the way of scenery by not going to Barbadoes, our original destination when we left Madeira. The island on the whole is flat; the highest land being situated in the north-



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, TRINIDAD.

eastern portion, which is bare and bleak. The roads in Barbadoes are dazzlingly white, and the light of the sun is so bright that, if one does not wish to be altogether blinded by the glare, blue spectacles are almost indispensable; added to which the heat is far greater than it is in Trinidad.

The rest of the party preferred to stay on shore while we went to Government House, and to take their chance of finding some dinner somewhere; though they were told that there was no hotel in the town fit to enter. I was quite able to sympathize with their feelings in this respect; for after a long interval spent at sea, the scent of the land, even though it happen not to be very fragrant, is delightful to me. Not for any length

of time, though. I soon begin to long for a "whiff of the briny" again, a breath of the pure ocean air, laden with ozone, and free from all taint of decay. But after having been "cribbed, cabined, and confined" for long hot days and nights within the limited space of a small vessel, the yearning to be able to wander about on shore in the cool of the evening, to enjoy the land-breeze as it rustles through the leaves of tall trees, or softly whispers through bushes laden with sweet-scented flowers, creeping gently along the ground, and just fluttering the wings of the fire-flies, becomes intense. It was a heavenly night; and the drive back to the shore and the moonlight row off to the yacht were not the least pleasant part of our day's experience.

Like mountain lake—as smooth and calm—
The waves are hushed in dreamy sleep;
While perfumes float from isles of balm.

Monday, October 29th.—We left the yacht at half-past five, having promised to be at the Botanic Gardens by seven. No sooner had we reached the shore than we were met by a Custom House officer, who demanded payment of ten shillings each on account of my two dogs, before he could allow either of them to land; at the same time asserting that he should make a similar charge every day—or rather every time that they came ashore. Our remonstrances were vain, and we therefore had to deposit our twenty shillings, and to content ourselves with making a mental note of the occurrence; while the two animals, which are not on the best of terms—being mutually jealous—exchanged angry scowls and growls, as though each were accusing the other of being the cause of needless expense and trouble.

Our first proceeding was to despatch telegrams to our kind friends in Barbadoes and Tobago—who were no doubt still expecting us—to express our regret at having been compelled to pass by their hospitable shores. This was a simple matter enough; but when we proposed to telegraph to England, to announce our arrival and to give sundry instructions respecting letters and packages, and some information as to our future movements, it was quite another affair. For a very short message we found the charge would be considerably over ten pounds, independent of the address, which would cost £5, the rate for each word being 13s. 10d. Tom positively refused to pay any such sum for what was, after all, not an absolutely



necessary message, though I fear its suppression may perhaps cause some little anxiety among our friends for a time, as they will now have to wait for letters.

Telegrams and letters were soon forgotten, as we drove through the town and up past the Queen's Park, or

savanna, and saw the picturesque figures draped in brilliant colours that met our



eyes at every step. It was the market-day of the coolies, who were pouring in from all parts of the island, with their curious grass-laden carts, or with prettily-shaped baskets, filled with fruits and vegetables, poised gracefully on their heads.

When we arrived at the Botanic Gardens, near the entrance to the Valley of St. Ann, we were met by the Curator, Mr. Prestoe. He had hoped to see us before the heat of the day

had become oppressive; and although we were much behind time, it was really very trying, even at this early hour. Government House, as I have already mentioned, is situated in the midst of the gardens, the splendours of which we could appreciate far better this morning than it had been possible to do last night, attractive as they had looked in the gloaming, when we arrived, and at a later hour, when we departed, in the golden light of the moon. The fierce glare of the "garish sun" disclosed many new and unexpected attractions, and developed a brilliancy and intensity of colour which I had never before realized or even dreamt of. I wished I had a hundred eyes, like Argus, with which to see all that these wonderful gardens contained; as many ears, with which to listen to the interesting information given by Mr. Prestoe; a mind capacious as the ocean to take it in, and wisdom to turn it to good account.

It was delightful to walk under the shade of rare and curious palms from every part of the globe, and beneath trees with some of which one was familiar both by name and by sight, such as the cinnamon, with its fragrant bark and its dark-green, ribbed, laurel-like leaves, and the nutmeg-tree, weighed down by clusters of bright apricot-coloured fruit, just bursting and showing the crimson lace-like film, which encases the familiar nutmeg, and which, when dried, becomes the mace of commerce. The well-remembered fragrance recalled vividly to our recollection the luxuriant gardens of Wock Wallak, as we rubbed the leaves in our hands and inhaled the spicy odours. Then there was a calabash-tree with enormous gourds growing at the top and down to the extremities of very slender branches, which looked as if they must break beneath their weight. The hard wood-like shells of these gourds, which, fortunately, are lighter than they look, are used by the inhabitants of these parts for almost every conceivable purpose of domestic economy. To a great extent they take the place of ordinary crockery; and in many cases they are tastefully carved, stained and polished. I believe that kettles may even be made from them, which will stand the heat of the fire several times.

The vegetable-ivory plant was another of the things that attracted a large share of attention. The tree itself is closely allied to the palm, and is not unlike some varieties of the latter that are more or less familiar to us. The nuts grow in clusters just above the roots: sometimes even beneath the surface of the ground. Each nut contains six or eight kernels,

which must at any time be indigestible morsels ; although when young they are eaten eagerly by hogs, bears, and turkeys. When perfectly ripe they are as hard as ivory, and will take a high polish. They are now largely used to supply the place of the real article (at Birmingham they are manufactured into buttons), the scarcity of ivory having been in great measure caused by the wholesale and wanton destruction of big game by some of the so-called sportsmen of South and Central Africa. The *Pandanus*, perched on its stilt-like legs, and looking as if it had done something wrong and were running away as hard as it could, is likewise a remarkable plant.

The milk-tree yields a sap in colour and taste like milk, if drunk while fresh. The blood-tree, when wounded, sends forth a juice like blood—a sort of indiarubber-like fluid, which is used as a kind of glue and varnish.

After a pleasant but exhausting visit of three hours to the gardens, and some welcome refreshment at Government House, in the shape of limes, soda-water, and ice, we returned to town to breakfast at the hotel, the view from the verandah of which was most interesting. Late as was the hour, high as was the sun, and fierce the heat of his burning rays, the market was not yet quite over ; and there were a good many coolies still to be seen lolling about and gossiping under the shade of the splendid double avenue of almond trees that extends through the whole length of the town. There were a few negroes, but not many—just enough to add a little shade and to throw up the brilliancy of the coloured dresses and the tones of the various complexions.

After a brief interval of rest we started for the Blue Basin, an excursion which affords a high idea of the exquisite beauty of Trinidad. On the road we met an immense number of coolies, both men and women : the latter wearing enormous bangles, earrings, and—not by any means least in point of size or ugliness—great nose rings ; or in some cases a so-called ornament that looked like a little nail driven into the side of the nose, with either a ruby or an emerald set in its head. The coolie men spend all their money in jewellery for their women, which thus becomes their sole fortune ; and if they become poor, the ornaments are at once sold, though this rarely happens.

As we proceeded, the road got worse and worse, till at last we passed behind the signal-station that had waved us so kind a welcome when we first entered the port. A picturesque ride

of about a mile, along a very narrow, slippery path, by the side of a sparkling stream, through the tangle of an almost impenetrable virgin forest of tropical trees and creepers, brought us at last to the Blue Basin, where, on turning a corner in the wood, a fairy-like scene suddenly met our view. In the centre of a thickly wooded amphitheatre, profusely bedecked with ferns, was a very small blue lake, of considerable depth, bordered by the most brilliant taniers, something like arums, among which flitted humming-birds and blue butterflies: while in the centre from the top of an abrupt precipice, some fifty or sixty feet in height, a cascade fell into the basin beneath, which was full of fish.

We would willingly have lingered to enjoy the attractions of this delightfully romantic scene: but daylight now began to fade, and we were warned that it would be prudent to retrace our steps before it became absolutely dark. There was not sufficient light to ride by; and we were therefore obliged to pick our way as best we could back to Mr. Fuller's hospitable mansion, where he showed us his wonderful collection of stuffed birds, which includes specimens of nearly all the varieties found in the island. I believe that about 300 different species have been observed in Trinidad, the ornithology of which differs considerably from that of the other West India islands. The insects of the island are very numerous; and the birds which feed upon them are therefore largely represented. Vultures, or corbeaux, swarm in the town of Port of Spain, where they perform the very useful office of scavengers, watching eagerly from the roofs of the houses and other points of vantage for the garbage which may fall in the street. Mr. Fuller also showed us an enormous centipede, ten inches long.

We had a most delightful drive back through the fragrant forest, the fields of waving sugar-canes, and the tropical gardens, illumined by the light of the stars, the glimmer of the fire-flies, and the occasional flicker of a coolie's fire. It was rather late when we arrived at Government House; and we had not much time to luxuriate in our big baths, or to waste on our toilette. The dinner was pleasant, and we enjoyed some delightful music afterwards, for which the large rooms, without carpets, hangings, or curtains of any kind, were admirably adapted, and to which full justice was done by a new piano, just arrived from Erard's.

It was late before we reached the yacht; but somehow, in

these climates, the night is far pleasanter than the day, and one gets into the habit of going to bed late and rising early, taking perhaps a siesta in the afternoon—when one has time to do so, which, from my own experience, is not often the case. In the early morning, during a rain-squall, a marvellous effect was produced by a combination of moonlight and a rainbow against the clouds. Truly a real tropical night is one of the things which makes life worth living, whatever may be the state of the liver. Gladly would I do and suffer much for one brief hour's enjoyment of such a scene as this, when back again among the fogs and frosts of Old England.



RAINBOW AT SEA.

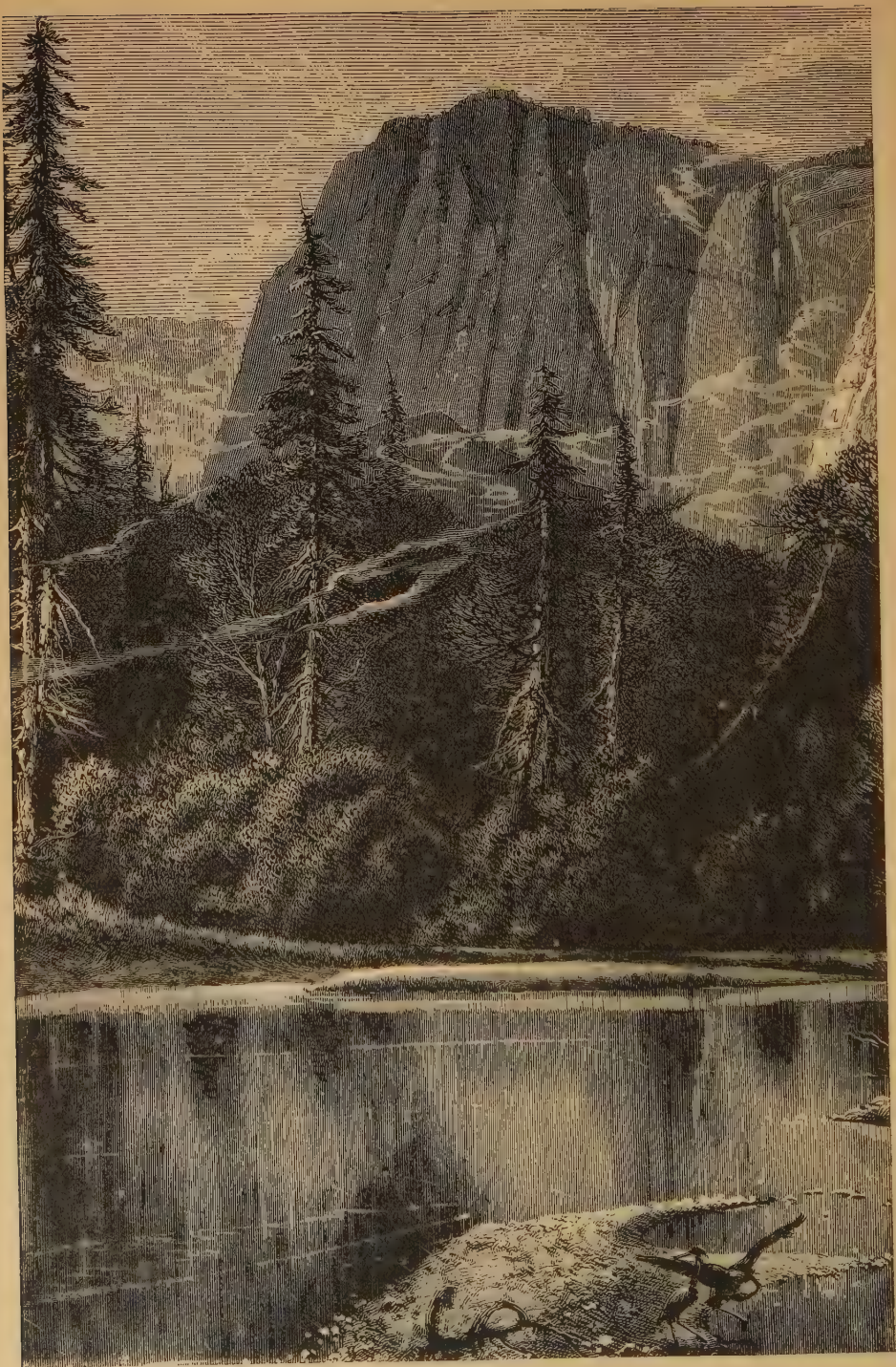
Tuesday, October 30th.—We started at an early hour this morning to visit the market, with which I was somewhat disappointed; although it was a novel and animated scene, and noisy enough to deafen anybody. There were, however, not so many out-of-the-way things for sale on the stalls as I had expected to find. The coolie traders, with their dark-brown skins, fine smooth black hair, and lithe figures swathed in bright-coloured shawls, their arms and legs heavy with jewellery, the produce of their spouses' wealth, were quiet and graceful in

voice and action; and presented a striking contrast to the buxom negresses, with their thick lips, gay turbans, merry laughter, and somewhat aggressive curiosity.

We had to hurry back to the yacht to receive the Governor and Miss Freeling, and Prince Henry of Prussia, who arrived in due course. After breakfast, and a pleasant interval spent beneath the awning of the *Sunbeam*, we all paid a visit to the *Olga*. Prince Henry is a practical seaman. As a lieutenant, he takes charge of a watch, and carries on the drills and exercises. He appears to be a general favourite with his shipmates, and Captain von Seckendorf says that he is quite the hardest worker on board and sets an excellent example to his youthful companions. At the same time he is thoroughly capable of enjoying all the amusements that come in his way, and of appreciating everything that he sees. The other officers of the ship are accomplished gentlemen, and both they and the entire crew of the *Olga* look wonderfully healthy, considering how long they have been in these hot climates. We remained some time on board, listening to the excellent band and taking afternoon tea; and in the cool of the evening we again landed and dined at the Hôtel de France.

It was in 1498 that Columbus, in the course of his third expedition across the Atlantic, discovered the island of Trinidad, the mouths of the Orinoco—which river he imagined to spring from the Tree of Life in the midst of the Garden of Eden—and the Gulf of Paria, the finest harbour in the West Indies. Trinidad, although frequently visited by vessels, for the purpose of obtaining wood and water, and too often with the object of capturing slaves, was not colonized until nearly a hundred years subsequent to its discovery. It was held by the Spaniards—with the exception of a short interval of conquest by the French—until 1797, when it became for the first time part of the British possessions in the West Indies, having been captured by a force of 7,000 men, under the command of General Abercrombie.

LIFE! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part where friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not "Good-night" but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good morning."



IN THE ROCKIES.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

BY THE EDITOR.

III.



RED RIVER CART.*

As one rides day after day over the vast and fertile prairies of the great North-West, he cannot help feeling the question come home again and again to his mind—What shall the future of these lands be? The tamest imagination cannot but kindle at the thought of the grand inheritance God has given to us and to our children in this vast domain of empire. Almost the whole of Europe, omitting Russia and Sweden, might be placed within the prairie region of the North-West; and a population greater than that of Europe may here find happy homes. The prophetic voice of the seer exclaims:

I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

*This cut was omitted from our last number because not engraved in time. It represents one of the typical Red River carts still in use among the half-breeds throughout the North-West. It is peculiar in being made entirely of wood. There is neither nail nor metal tire. The thing creaks horribly,

The rudiments of empire here
 Are plastic yet and warm ;
 The chaos of a mighty world
 Is rounding into form.

Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe,
 The steamer smokes and raves ;
 And city lots are staked for sale,
 Above old Indian graves.

The child is now living who shall live to see great provinces carved out of these North-West territories, and great cities strung like pearls along its iron roads and water-ways. Now is the hour of destiny ; now is the opportunity to mould the future of this vast domain—to lay deep and strong and stable the foundations of the commonweal, in those Christian institutions which shall be the corner stone of our national greatness. To quote again from Whittier :

We cross the prairie as of old
 The pilgrims crossed the sea,
 To make the West as they the East
 The homestead of the free !

We go to plant her common schools
 On distant prairie swells,
 And give the Sabbaths of the wild
 The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the ark of old,
 The Bible in our van,
 We go to test the truth of God
 Against the fraud of man.

Our own Church has no cause to be ashamed of its record in this heroic work. It has been a pathfinder of missions throughout the vast regions stretching from Nelson River to the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. Nearly fifty years ago, when these regions were less accessible than is the heart of Africa to-day,

and when a hundred of them or more were out for the fall hunt, the groaning of the caravan was something appalling. The harness, too, is entirely home-made and exceedingly primitive. By means of these carts much of the freighting to the scattered forts of the North-West was done. It used to take ninety days for a brigade to go from the Red River to Fort Edmonton. The adhesive character of Winnipeg mud is indicated. It is a tribute to the strength of the cart that the viscous material does not drag it to pieces. Mr. Langford says the new arrivals can always be known by the manner in which they slip and slide about on the muddy street crossings.

those pioneer missionaries, Rundle and Evans, planted the Cross and preached the Gospel to the wandering Indians of the forest and the plains. Nor have they been without their heroic successors from that day to this. We confess to a feeling of amazement at the ungenerous and unjust remarks of the Rev. Dr. Robertson, Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions in the North-West, at a recent meeting of the Toronto Presbytery. He is reported as charging the Methodists with not hunting up good mission-work themselves, but waiting until they saw the Presbyterians go into a new field, and then quickly going in after them.



INDIAN TYPE.

Far otherwise wrote that Catholic-spirited gentleman, Principal Grant, in the pages of this MAGAZINE. "The Methodist Church," he said, "has an honourable record in the history of the North-West and British Columbia. It seems to me therefore that it has a historical right to make that great land its main field of operations for the next half-century. With regard to Home Missions in particular, or that department of work to which all the Churches are called, of following up the tide of immigration that is flowing from the older provinces and other countries, I would take the liberty of suggesting that

there should be an understanding between the great evangelical Churches, so that the ordinances of religion may be given to the people with as little cross-firing as possible."

That the Methodist Church is more than willing to do this is amply shown by the overtures she has already made to the Presbyterian Church for effecting this very purpose. The land is large, brethren, the work is great. Let there be no strife between us. Let the only rivalry be a hallowed rivalry as to which can most promote the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Above all, let there be no utterance of unchari-

table words which may rankle in wounded hearts long after the speaker has passed away.

We are glad to have an opportunity of presenting here, from the pen of a successful Presbyterian missionary, an account of the nature and difficulties of mission-work in the North-West Territories. We condense his remarks from an address given at the Knox College Missionary Society, and published in that excellent journal, *The Knox College Monthly*.

"A few years ago," says Mr. McKenzie, "vast herds of buffalo wandered about over these plains and among the foothills of the Rockies, furnishing the Indian with all that he needed. Then whiskey traders came to buy robes, hardened, reckless fellows, who often had to fortify themselves against the attacks of the people whom they cheated. The whole West was then in a lawless, desperate condition. McDougall, the missionary, tells us how he used to set up at night when he was travelling, lest his horses should be stolen; and it was very much owing to his urgency that the Mounted Police were sent out in 1874. They had to travel by the Missouri to Benton, then made a desperate march across the plains in the parching heat. Beside the Old Man's River they built log huts wherein to bide the winter, and the station was ultimately known as Fort Macleod. Traders gathered round, and soon the place was a distributing point for the North. The white tilts of the prairie schooners, laden with all kinds of freight, were more frequently seen, as their eleven or twelve yoke of oxen were hurried at the reckless speed of from twelve to fifteen miles a day by the driver's heavy whip with its sixteen-foot lash—urged also by profanity not in any way measurable. And in a few years a very large business was going on."

At Morleyville, in this vicinity, a Methodist Mission was established by John McDougall, in 1871, three years before the Mounted Police arrived in the country. At the "Blood Reserve," Fort McLeod, another Methodist Mission was established in 1878. In 1884 Mr. McKenzie was sent as the first Presbyterian missionary to Fort McLeod. He thus describes the nature of his work—a description in large part applicable to most mission-work in the North-West:—

"A store-room in the deserted barracks was secured, and eleven people gathered to hear the Word on the Sabbath. One of the hearers that first day was a grand-daughter of a Covenanting minister, and she was most helpful in the work. Many of the men were respectable, but quite careless. So accustomed had they become to their surroundings that they had ceased to notice wickedness, and were hardened to evil. Some of them had not listened to a minister for ten or twenty years. Naturally they found the saloons more familiar, and saw no reason why there should be innovations; so came to the conclusion that one made public who said: 'The missionary's a kind of a man I have no manner of use for.'

"There were educated men, too, who had fallen to the depths. One might meet a doctor working as a common labourer to supply himself with liquor; or find a relative of Lord Macaulay's presiding over a squaw household; or see the next heir to the title of a nobleman whose name appears in our hymn-book, living a most ignoble life. One notably profane character used to carry a copy of Virgil with him to read at odd hours.

"Then there were many others who were openly wicked. One might pass on the street men whose hands had been red with human blood. The professional gambler, with sinister look, lowering brows and averted eyes, might be seen lounging about during the day in preparation for the night with its excitement. And such had no lack of victims; the gaming table seemed to fascinate them as the cold glittering eyes of the snake fascinate a bird. They seem to lose will power and cannot but play. One I knew set out several times for his home in the East with thousands of hard-earned money, but would begin to play somewhere on the road in the hope of gaining more. And with coat thrown off and perspiration streaming from his face, would stake larger and larger sums till all was gone; then come back to work again dispirited and hopeless. Another lost all his property in a night or two, that years of patient toil had gained. Yet neither could resist the fascination.

"It would be strange if things were otherwise; for the only places of entertainment are the saloons. Young men who have no homes have literally nowhere else to go to spend their evenings. There they must join with a rollicking crowd of cowboys and travellers, freighters, traders, teamsters, gamblers, and must spend money for the good of the house or be considered mean—and meanness is the unpardonable sin among Western men.

"These men were difficult to reach; many knew more of Ingersoll's writings than of the Bible. Their beliefs were formed too often to justify evil lives, and they did not want to know the truth; they loved darkness because their deeds were evil. Pioneer mission-work bears some resemblance to the invasion of a country, and we must deal principally with enemies. Proper meeting-places were not always to be had. The Word was spoken in little huts, daubed within and without with mud, in a billiard saloon over the tables, in hotel dining-rooms, in the police barracks, in the miners' messroom, in the crowded stopping-place by the way, in ranches to the assembled cowboys, in shacks where lonely bachelors lived. Once during service I saw through the open church door four Indians intently gambling in a shed only few yards away. A most important work was done in house to house visitation, for many were too far away to attend services. The people were always kind; their hospitality was as free as the pure clear air of the West that revives and exhilarates the stranger. Then there were wayside chances; a casual greeting, an invitation to service, an hour of travel together, gave me chance to speak a few serious words to someone. If I were asked how a missionary can most effectively work out there, my observation would lead me to answer, chiefly by being a man among men and showing intense human interest. The people have sympathy for manliness and honour, and despise a man who comes to them with the clerical simper, or the ministerial twang, or who tries to treat them with holy condescension.

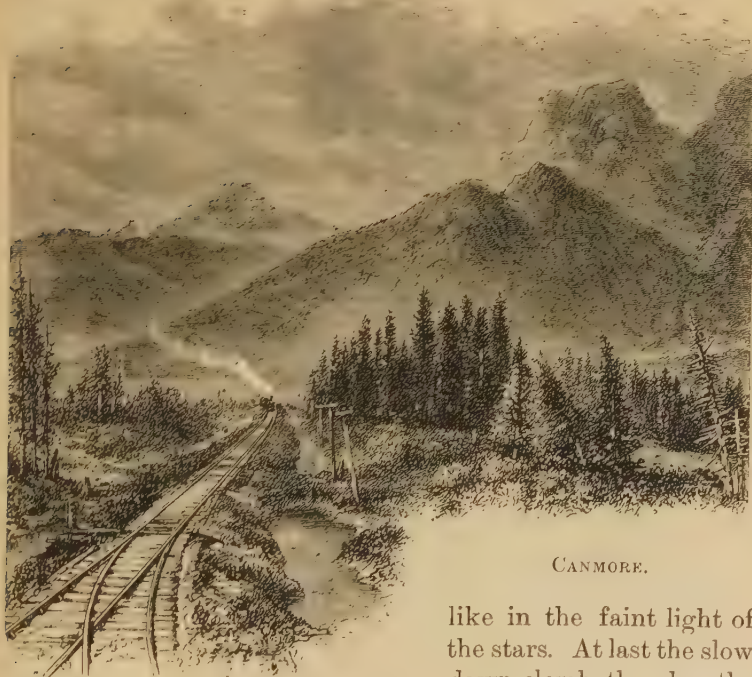
"Are there not privations? Oh, yes. There will be long journeys. Dwelling places are so scattered that there may be danger from exposure to cold in winter. The missionary cannot avoid the fatigue of days in the saddle, the discomfort of soaking by the rain storms that sweep the prairie, or the weariness of toiling through pathless snow. His bed may be one night sacks of grain, the next a bunch of hay or a plank floor with only a blanket or buffalo robe for covering; or he may chance upon comfortable quarters. But the missionary does not complain; he is only taking part in the lot of others. They are willing to suffer from cold and wet and weariness for the sake of gain. Every young man who goes out there to make his fortune must rough it to some extent. And where men, for the sake of worldly wealth, are making sacrifices of comfort, he is a poor affair who would not do as much, for the sake of Christ, as they for money.

"Why should we be specially interested in the North-West? Why should we send our missionaries there? We should send missionaries because they prepare the way for the incoming of good people. Before a good wife will emigrate she will inquire about the church privileges in the district to which her husband proposes to go. If these be provided there will be many more homes formed. And the influence of good homes is almost greater than that of the missionary. When I went out there were few homes in the town, and it was possible for me to see to what horrible depths men can fall when they are without the refining influence of woman-kind. Possible to know it—not possible to describe it here. Missionary work prepares the way for homes, and they secure the true prosperity of a country. Again, the missionary can do much to prevent men from lapsing. It will not do for a farmer to allow a neighbouring field to grow thistles, for the seeds will be blown into his own farm. And just for the reason that the North-West is a country of rapid growth, it is dangerous to allow evil to ripen unhindered, lest from it may come to us the seed of evil, and the country bring a curse instead of a blessing.

"Our best work for the North-West ought to be done now in its early years, for by this its future will be decided. I might add, as another reason, that the North-West is likely to have a grand future. The country possesses all the elements of greatness. On its extensive plains and under its clear skies millions shall yet have their home. From that country shall come leaders and great men. In the East opinion is provincial. I believe that if we are to have true national spirit, it will be cradled on these boundless prairies; and that future leaders and great men of the country will come from among those who have breathed the free air of the West. Thence shall they come as coins from the mint, with such impress as the dies shall give that are even now being engraved. And shall not we earnestly labour, that there may be stamped on the growing civilization of that great country the impress of Christ, the King?"

I must, however, proceed with a brief and inadequate sketch of the wonderful ride over the mountain section of the Canadian Pacific Railway. As we approached the western limit of the prairie section the sun went down in golden glory, but no sign of the mountains was in sight. At Canmore the foothills of

the Rockies are fairly reached, and the repose of the plains gives place to the energy of the mountains. It was a clear, starlight night, and reclining in my berth I watched the snow-capped mountains come nearer and nearer into view, and then glide rapidly by. Great Orion, the mighty hunter, stalked his prey along the mountain tops, and Bootes held in leash his hounds. Arcturus looked down with undimmed eye, as in the days of Job; and Aldebaran and Aleyone, in gleaming mail, outwatched the waning night. The silver peaks looked ghost-



CANMORE.

like in the faint light of the stars. At last the slow dawn clomb the sky, the

mountain's cheeks blushed with the sun's first kiss, the rosy glow crept slowly down the long slopes, and the mists and darkness fled away. I came out on the rear platform of the car while the train swept down the wild canyon of the Kicking Horse Pass. A rapid mountain stream rushed swiftly down, leaping from crag to crag and lashed to snowy rage, to find after many windings the distant Pacific. Like grey-beard Titans, seated on their ancient solitary thrones, the mountains gather round. On every side arise "bald, stately bluffs that never wore a smile." From their sealed granite lips there

cometh no tradition or refrain. They keep forevermore their lonely watch,

“ Year after year
In solitude eternal, wrapt in contemplation drear.”

With reverential awe they seemed to stand, the brown waters laving their feet, the fleecy clouds veiling their broad, clear foreheads, the dark forests girding their loins; their grave majestic faces furrowed by the torrents, seamed and scarred by the lightnings, scathed and blasted by a thousand storms. They make one think of Prometheus warring with the eternal elements upon Mount Caucasus; of Lear wrestling with the storm and tempest; or, more appropriately still, of John the Baptist in his unshorn majesty in the wilderness. For from their rocky pulpits, more solemnly than any human voice, they proclaim man's insignificance and changefulness amid the calm and quiet changelessness of nature.

At Field Station, at the foot of the Pass, we take on an additional engine of tremendous power and weight, to push us up the ascending grade. Mount Stephen is the highest peak in the range, and dominates for many a mile over all the Titan brotherhood.

At unfrequent intervals we pass little groups of log houses and mining camps, rejoicing in such imposing names as Golden or Silver City. At Donald, which is a divisional station, and the site of extensive works, there is quite a large collection of houses and some surprisingly good stores. As we sweep up the Beaver Valley, the vast wall of the Beaverfoot mountains, with their serrated peaks, seems in the clear atmosphere only a short walk from the track, yet I was told it was fourteen miles away. Here we passed, in the heart of the mountains, a long train of eighty-five cars of tea, two of canned salmon, and two of seal-furs, *en route* for New York, on a time schedule almost as fast as a passenger train. The road, in sweeping up the long Beaver River Valley, leaps audaciously over some very deep lateral gorges. The trestle-work in places supports the track at a height of nearly 300 feet above the brawling stream beneath.

The grandeur culminates, however, at the Hermits, Carroll Mountain, and Syndicate Peak. The first of these rises in bare and splintered pinnacles, like the famous “Needles” of Chamonix, so steep that not even the snow can find lodg-

ment on their almost perpendicular slopes. Mount Carroll seems almost to impend above the track, although a deep ravine separates it from the railway. I had to stand on the lowest step of the car to prevent the roof from obstructing the view of the mountain-top. Not in crossing either Alps or Appenines have I seen such a tremendous, awe-inspiring cliff.

At Glacier Station, in the heart of Selkirk Range in this immediate vicinity, I stayed off a day to do some climbing among the mountains. This is a wildly beautiful spot. The railway company is here erecting a hotel and cutting roads



SUMMIT OF THE ROCKIES.

through the tangled forest and *debris* of avalanches which have cumbered the valley with vast rock masses and shattered trunks of trees, swept from their places like grass before a scythe. The hotel was not open, but I had the good fortune to meet a fellow-townsmen, the well-known artist, Mr. Forbes, of Toronto, who, with Mr. O'Brien and others of the artist brotherhood, had been painting all summer among the mountains. He hospitably placed a tent at my disposal, and not soon shall I forget the glorious camp-fire around which we gathered at night beneath the shadows of the surrounding mountains.

I found Mr. Forbes at work on a magnificent painting of Syndicate Peak, an isolated pyramidal crag piercing the very sky, wonderfully like the Matternhorn in Switzerland. This painting, and a companion piece of the Hermits, we may expect to see at the Toronto art exhibition next May. I scrambled over the glacier, I penetrated its translucent caves, I climbed over the huge lateral *moraine*, and I tried to climb the steep wall of the deep valley over which this deep slow-moving ice river flowed. I should have enjoyed the climb very much better if I had not been handicapped with a revolver—the first I ever carried in my life—which Mr. Forbes advised me to take as he had the day before seen a bear's track in the path. As I clambered over the ice I was afraid the plaguey thing would go off and perhaps leave me *hors de combat* in some *crevasse* or at the foot of some crag or cliff. As I returned in the twilight I fired it off to announce my approach, and woke the immemorial echoes of the mountain-girded valley. Not soon shall I forget the dying gleam of the sunset on Syndicate Peak, paling from rosy red to ashen grey and spectral white. This spot will become one of the greatest attractions of the mountains. Within five days of Toronto one may study mountain scenery and glacier action as well as in the heart of Switzerland. The tints of the ice—a transparent blue, like sapphire—were exquisite loveliness.

Mr. L. R. O'Brien, the accomplished President of the Ontario Art Academy, thus describes this lovely spot :

"The interest of this scenery is inexhaustible, not only from the varied aspects it presents from different points of view, but from the wonderful atmospheric effects. At one moment the mountains seem quite close, masses of rich, strong colour; then they will appear far away, of the faintest pearly grey. At one time every line and form is sharp and distinct; at another, the mountains melt and mix themselves up in the clouds so that earth and sky are almost undistinguishable. Now the mountain sides are the softest velvet, and presently they look like cast metal. The foregrounds, too, away from the desolation made by the railway cuttings and banks, are rich and luxuriant; large-leaved plants and flowers clothe the slopes. The trees, where the timbermen have not culled out the finest, are most picturesque. The study of these scenes, in all the wealth of their luxuriant detail, which is requisite in order at all to paint them, is wonderfully interesting and delightful—painting them is heart-breaking;—so little of all this beauty can be placed upon paper or canvas, and of that little much, I fear, will be incomprehensible to dwellers upon plains."

In this immediate vicinity great works are going on in the construction of miles on miles of snow-sheds,—not slight sheds to keep the snow off the track, as I supposed, but tremendous

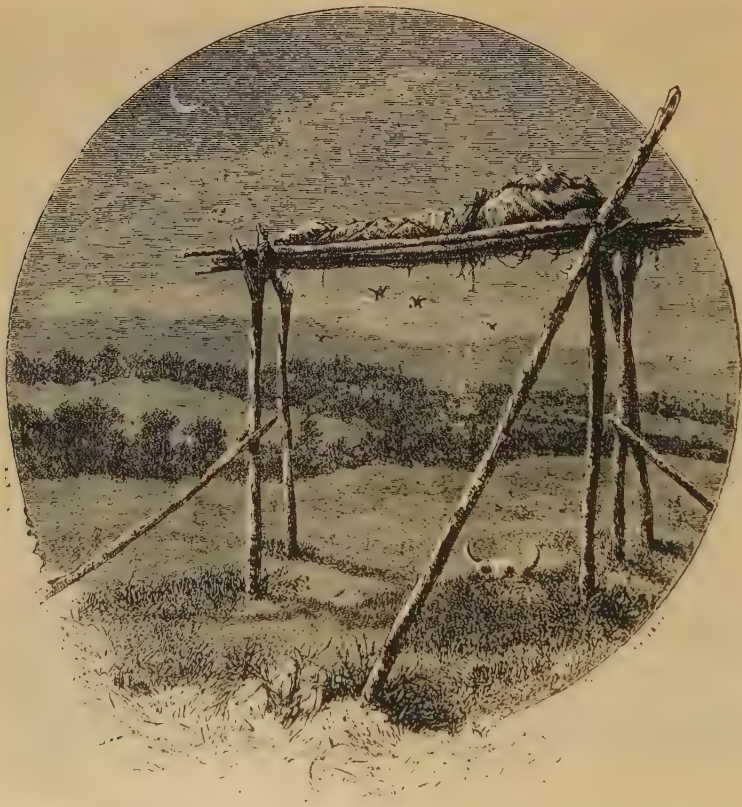
structures built in solid crib-work filled with stone along the mountain-side, over which is a sloping roof with timbers 12 by 15 inches, designed to throw off the avalanches of rock, ice and snow from the overhanging mountains. Of these sheds there are said to be four or five miles in all, constructed by the labours of some four thousand men, at a cost of a million and a half of dollars. The principal construction camp is at



BEAVER LAKE.

Rogers' Pass, near Glacier Station. I walked back to it over the old "tote road," through a most romantic valley, in full view of the glorious glacier which wound its sinuous way, a river of glittering ice, down the mountain-side. These construction camps swarm with vile harpies, both men and women, who pander to the vices of the workmen. Of over a score of houses at Rogers' Pass, I judge that three-fourths were drinking saloons—or worse. A force of Mounted Police maintains order,

but as this place is out of the liquor prohibition limits, it must for some time after pay-day be a veritable pandemonium, all the more terrible because surrounded by such a sublime amphitheatre of the mountains of God. Yet the religious needs of the men are not altogether neglected. A poor cripple, who had broken his leg in wrestling with a fellow-workman, told me that on Sunday, once a month, a little fellow came to preach

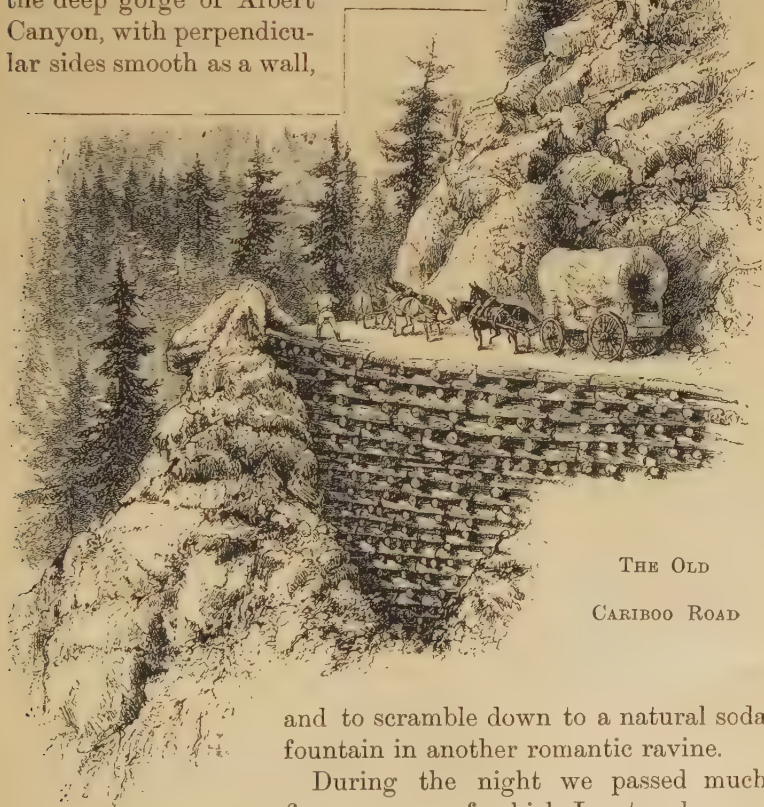


INDIAN GRAVE.

in the camp. "He can't preach worth a cent," he said, "but the men all swear by him because he is such a good-hearted cuss." We ought, as a Church, to send a man to these scattered camps—to these lost sheep in the wilderness.

Just beyond Glacier Station is one of the most remarkable engineering feats on the line—a great loop which the road makes, returning within a stone's throw of the place of depar-

ture, but at a much lower level. It was a glorious afternoon on which I rode through the Selkirks along the brawling Illecellewait, past Albert Canyon and the magnificent Twin Buttes, through the valley of the Columbia, and up the wild gorge of Eagle Pass and Griffin Lake. The air was clear as crystal, and the mountain peaks were cut sharp as a cameo against the deep blue sky. The conductor obligingly stopped the train at points of special interest to enable us to inspect the deep gorge of Albert Canyon, with perpendicular sides smooth as a wall,



THE OLD
CARIBOO ROAD

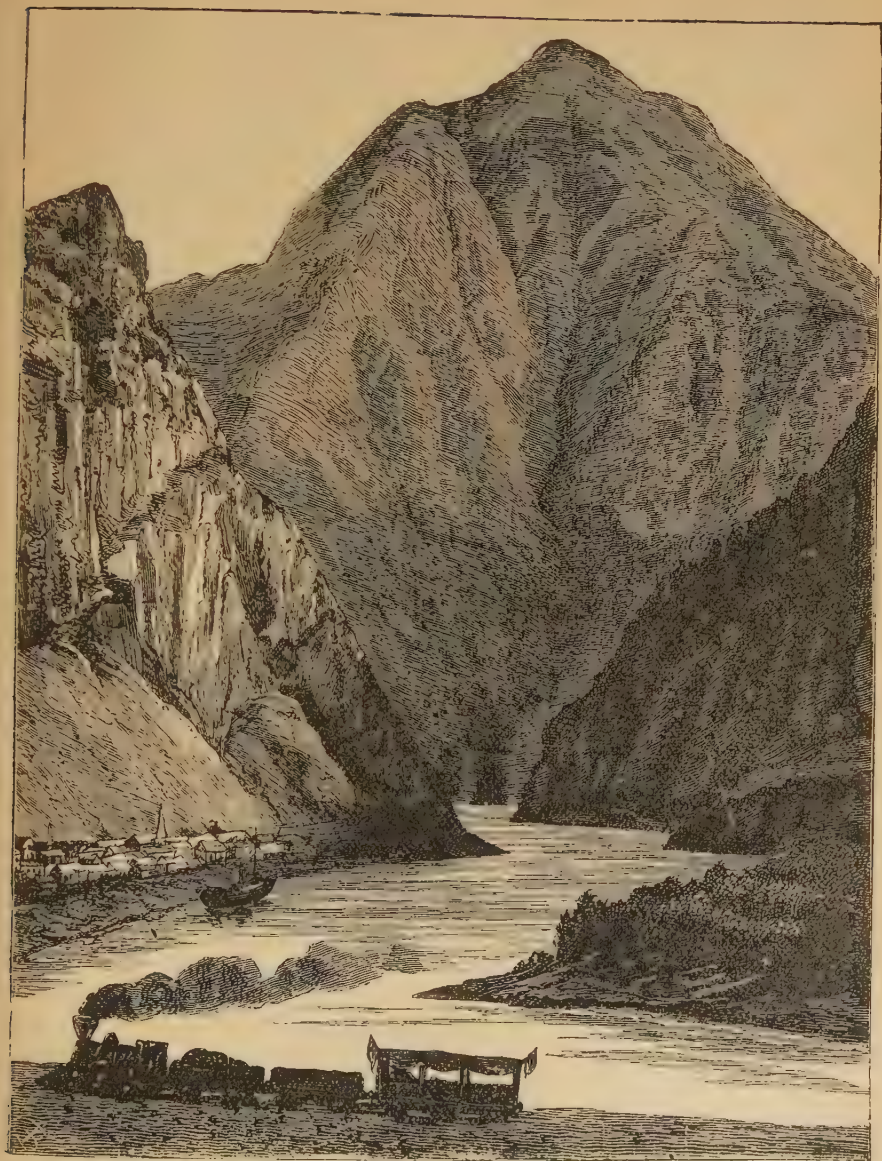
and to scramble down to a natural soda fountain in another romantic ravine.

During the night we passed much fine scenery, of which I got only partial glimpses as we swept around the great curves of the Thompson River, past Sicamous, Shuswap, Kamloops, Savonas and many another strangely named place, destined yet to become familiar as scenes of blended sublimity and beauty. Before dawn I was again at my post of outlook on the rear plat-

form of the sleeper, for the ride down the Fraser Valley is the culminating point of interest on the road. Here the difficulties of construction are greater, the rock cutting most tremendous, and the scenery more awe-inspiring than elsewhere. It makes one's flesh creep to look down on the swirling current of the rapid Fraser, from the train which creeps along a ledge cut in the mountain-side, in some places by workmen let down by ropes from above. On the opposite side of this deep, narrow canyon is the old Cariboo road, climbing the cliff in places, as at Jackass Mountain, 2,000 feet above the river. It is in some parts built out from the wall of rock by wooden crib-work, fastened, one knows not how, to the almost perpendicular precipice. This road from Yale to Cariboo, built by the isolated Province of British Columbia a score of years ago, seems a greater achievement than the construction of the C. P. R. by this great Dominion. Since the opening of the railway it has fallen partly into disrepair. Yet within a few months the Rev. Coverdale Watson, late of this city, and soon to return to it again, has travelled over a great part of it on horseback, in a carriage and on foot. He confessed, however, that some of the most dangerous places almost frightened the life out of him. On our train was Mr. W. M. Pruyne, M.P. for Lennox, who recounted his exploits in tramping with a load on his back over the Indian trail to Cariboo, a distance of 400 miles, before this road was made. In those palmy days sometimes miners took out as much as (\$80) in a single day. But prices were correspondingly high: \$100 was paid for a sheet-iron stove; \$1 a pound for salt; \$5 a pound for butter; \$1 for a weekly *Globe*; \$14 a day for digging.

A peculiar effect is produced by the contrast between the huge boulders by the river side, covered with a deep brown, almost velvet black moss, and the foaming, swirling waters of the river. On many prominent points were Indian stagings for drying and smoking the salmon, and in many of the trees were "cached" the rude coffins of their dead. Our engraving, on page 230, shows a similar practice of disposing of the dead by the Indians of the plains.

About Yale—a straggling wooden town of considerable importance in the old mining days—the head of navigation on the Fraser, the scenery is very fine. I have seen few things that will compare with the grandeur of the mountain background of the little town, and with the gloom of the deep canyon of the Fraser, deepening in purple shades into the



VIEW OF YALE, AT HEAD OF NAVIGATION, ON THE FRASER RIVER.

distance. The C. P. R. is unquestionably destined to become one of the great tourist routes of the world. Old travellers, who have crossed the other transcontinental routes, say that the Canadian Pacific Railway surpasses them all in the magnificence of its scenery.

The lower reaches of the Fraser abound in fertile valleys, enriched by the alluvium brought down for ages by the river. Everywhere Chinamen swarm, and on many a bar, abandoned by white men, are patiently washing out a small quantity of gold; and their neat garden patches and wooden houses are evidences of thrift and industry. But no space is left here for the discussion of the Chinese question—that problem of deepest import on the Pacific coast—nor to refer to the position and prospects of the rival cities of New Westminster, Vancouver, and Victoria. To this subject I will return in a succeeding number.

“THE LABOURERS ARE FEW.”

WHERE are the labourers? Where?
For the world's great harvest-field
Is white, and the corn in the bursting ear
Doth plenteous promise yield.

And the Lord of the harvest sends
This message to each—“My son,
Go work for Me 'mid the golden grain
Till the shortening day is done.”

And oh for the ready hand,
And the earnest purpose true,
To toil for Him on the waving plains,
Where the labourers stand so few.

It is but a little while,
And the weary limbs shall rest;
And the aching head, and the fevered brow,
Grow cool on the Saviour's breast.

It is but a little while,
And the Lord of the ripening earth
Shall come again, as a crowned King,
To the place of His lowly birth!

And who shall describe the joy
To the faithful worker given;
The sweet “Well done!” from those blessed lips
Whose smile is the bliss of heaven.

AT THE ANTIPODES.

BY THE REV. T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON, LL.D.

III.

THERE are some aspects of social life in the Colonies which cannot fail to fill with grave concern the mind of any one who believes that in the long run character determines the destiny of nations. On these I had better say something before parting with Victoria. For though these symptoms are visible in the other Colonies, Melbourne is assuredly, in these respects as in so many others, the representative city of the Southern world. All metropolitan cities exaggerate the virtues and the vices of their suffragan towns. In London, for example, you have the worst and the best of everything in English life. Not even in the black spot on the Mersey, or in the wynds of Glasgow, can be found degradation more squalid, or vice more venomous, than in certain parts of London; and not in any quiet country village can you find a finer and sweeter domestic life, a calmer and more consistent godliness, than in many London homes. So in Melbourne; you find the best and the worst of Australian life represented on the largest scale, and the latter with the fiercest extravagance.

Though by no means the most religious of the great cities, when its population is considered, Melbourne is probably the most powerful religious centre. Its charities are abundant and admirable; and, despite serious defects in the spirit and administration of its education department, Victoria provides for the intellectual wants of its people with a generosity that might well be imitated by many far older communities. It is a pleasure to remember these and other excellent traits in the life of the Colony, to some of which I shall hereafter return. I now mention them because it seems necessary to connect with Victorian life some cautionary remarks.

Our relations at the other side of the world are undoubtedly a very gay people. They believe in pleasure, and make elaborate arrangements for securing it. Whether they "take their pleasures sadly," is a question I do not pretend to decide, but they certainly take them. The public holidays, made either by legal enactment or well-understood and general usage, are no

fewer than twelve in the year. The work-day in all spheres of life is much shorter than with us. The "working-man" has attained his elysium: he regularly lives at the rate of

"Eight hours' work, and eight hours' play,
Eight hours' sleep, and eight shillings a day:"

the only inappropriateness of the rhyme being in its last clause; for the artisan who should earn no more than eight shillings a day would think himself very badly treated. I heard more than once of men, who chose to stand idle and complain of bad times, rather than accept the paltry remuneration of seven shillings for eight hours' work. The shops and stores close seldom later than six o'clock: and Saturday is very generally observed as a half-holiday. Much of this is a great improvement upon the state of things in the mother country; and one is especially glad to see the attendants in shops released from the slavery of the long hours which still prevail in England, in spite of the Early-closing Associations. Indeed, if one could but be sure that the time rescued from daily toil was generally put to a good use, one would be glad to find it proved that business can be successfully carried on, and the wants of the community conveniently supplied, within hours which would leave some fair portion of life to the cultivation of the higher faculties of our nature. But I am not sure that a reasonable share of the time won from business is actual gain to the mental and moral good of the people at large.

Gambling prevails to a much greater extent than in England, where it is bad enough. Any one who will keep count of the multiplication of "sporting" papers, or notice how large a space respectable daily papers are compelled to give to pursuits whose chief and keenest zest is derived from the gambling elements connected therewith, must acknowledge that we have no right to cast stones against our neighbours. But I think this vice does prevail more largely in Australia. In some of the Colonies, a system of gambling known as the "Totalizator," is recognized and, one may say, established by law. Through this system, boys, young men, women, anybody who can find the necessary deposit, can in a quiet and "respectable" way bet upon some forthcoming race.

But one can scarcely estimate aright the degree to which gambling and its associations are recognized and patronized by the community at large, unless one tries to measure and weigh

the meaning of "Cup Day" at Melbourne. It is a part of the great race meeting of the year, and is in Australian life all that the Derby is in the life of England, and far more. It is calculated that one hundred and fifty thousand persons gather for the occasion, and this in a Colony whose entire population is not nine hundred thousand, and on a Continent where the entire white population is much less than three millions. Of course the day is a general holiday, though it is not legally so; and the attendance at the race-course includes a large proportion of church-going people. The usual excuses are made by some of these: It is "only for once." It is "just to see what it is like." It is "not to see the race; but to see the crowd." These and a hundred variations of them are stated by those whose habits or convictions make their consciences a little uncomfortable in going.

Turning, next, to pastimes more innocent, one cannot help feeling that they occupy too great a place in the thought and heart of the community. Attention enough in England has been devoted of late years to physical education. The time when a pale, attenuated face was supposed to be necessary to the reputation of saintship or scholarship is long passed. And it is hard to imagine anything much more foolish and extravagant than some of the foot-ball follies which have been recently perpetrated in Lancashire and Yorkshire. But the worship of muscle has attained far larger proportions in the Colonies than here. The ancient Persian notion of education was to "ride, to shoot, and tell the truth." In the last, the young Colonial is neither much better nor much worse than his old-world cousin, but in the two former he is far ahead of him, and would delight the most exacting Persian sage. The lads learn to ride almost as soon as they learn to walk; and fowling-pieces may be seen in the hands of children who in the old country would scarcely be entrusted with a pop-gun. Then the climate favours, almost compels, an out-door life; so that it is not very wonderful that the greatest heroes of the Australian people are the heroes of the bat and the ball. The "Australian cricketers" returned from their successful tour in England whilst I was in the Colonies. Their reception could not have been more elaborate, enthusiastic, or expensive, if they had discovered the North Pole, or if they had been conquerors in some great war. Triumphant entries, torch-light processions, public banquets, medals and other compliments were showered upon them. And even

after every allowance had been made for that natural pride which the young Colonies take in a chosen body of their stalwart sons who had successfully met their English competitors in the national game, one could not but see that the extravagance of their welcome was owing to an excessive estimate of physical sports.

Another question *would* rise in one's mind as one looked on the vigorous and quick-stepping life of those strong communities: What effect will a climate like this have upon the constitution and character of the English race? The experiment is being made in Australia for the first time, unless in the Middle States of the Union; and *there* it was tried under altogether different conditions, arising from the presence of the negro-race in continuous contact with the white. Australia may be said to have no winter. True, snow falls on the mountains of Gippsland and other elevated points, but speaking generally it is a winterless continent. This affects very largely the operations of the agriculturist and the herdman. Their work is less scientific, less thorough, than in countries where the recurrence of severe winter compels prevision and provision. But this is not all; the climate constantly tempts the people to out-door life. A sunny sky as blue as that of Italy, an atmosphere bright and clear as that of Canada, and nightly heavens in which the stars hang large and bright as little moons, have an almost intoxicating influence. One wants to be abroad in it, to let the light and warmth and ozone permeate one's physique. All out-of-door pleasures may be calculated on with certainty. A picnic is something else than a hazardous speculation, and one may be fairly certain that a game of cricket will be completed without the ground being converted into a puddle. The climate tends to promote out-door amusements, and to encourage life *al fresco*.

But it is to be feared that the indoor-life, the home-life, will ultimately suffer, if it has not done so already. Our English climate is trying enough. With its "pea-soup" fogs, its drizzle in November, its east winds in May, and its general readiness to blot out the sun and deluge the country at the shortest notice, and on the slightest pretext, it must be confessed that it is a gruesome and often cruel climate. But I am not sure that we English people do not gain more from it than we lose. If we are not great at excursions, we do not lack homely pleasures.

A blue heaven is very charming ; and so is a bright fire. Fleecy clouds flecking a summer sky are very beautiful ; and so are

“Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dancing on the parlour wall.”

A picnic, with its group of healthy, happy English girls in their simple white is very charming ; but I am not sure that it is so pretty a sight as the Christmas party in the old home, when the warmth and brightness inside are rendered warmer and brighter by contrast with the keen frost and the cold-clad country outside. Our climate, just because it drives us indoors and forces us to seek our pleasures there during a great part of the year, has done not a little to develop in us home-affections and home-habits.

The sky of Paris is clearer and brighter than ours ; and it is pleasant, no doubt, to be able to sit for hours on the boulevard, or in the gardens ; but the home-life of the Frenchman is a poor thing as compared with that of our less genial land. Now in Australia the experiment is being tried of an English people living in a French climate. Will the home survive ? Thoughtful men say with regret that home is not so much to a Colonial as to an English child. And if the home becomes less necessary, will it not lose much of its authority ? Only the future can tell how the experiment will issue. But no brilliance of sky and no brightness and gaiety of life can compensate for the smallest loss of that strong family-bond and true family-life which has been the mightiest social power in the “making of England.”

I fear that the expression of such doubts and anxieties may grieve some of my kind friends ; and I am sure that many of them would confidently repel every such fear for the future of their fellow-colonists. They will, however, believe in the sincerity of my admiration for the Colonies, and that my anxiety for their future is quickened by the sense I have of the vast importance of the part they have yet to play in the world.

Now, as to Australian “blow.” Ever since Anthony Trollope’s book appeared, Englishmen visiting the Antipodes have expected to be amused, if not disgusted, with the colonial boasting, for *blow* is Australian for *brag*. I met very little of this, so little that its rareness greatly surprised me. True, I probably saw the quietest and most thoughtful classes of the community. I was not thrown often into the company of people whose

tongues were loosened with wine, or who were accustomed to boisterous talk. But after making needful allowances, the absence of undue elation impressed me rather than any disposition to vain-glory. Of course, I was often asked: "How do you like this country?" "What do you think of Melbourne?" or, (at Sydney) "Have you seen our harbour?" But there was never more than was natural, or, I may say, that was demanded by courtesy. And I noticed with pleasure that no question which seemed to indicate satisfaction with themselves and their belongings was ever accompanied by word or look that implied disparagement of the old country; and I always felt that if there had been more disposition to "blow" than I saw, it would have been justified by the achievements which the people have wrought. Think of Melbourne—a city with three hundred thousand inhabitants, where thirty-five years ago there were only a few canvas tents!—with its handsome streets, its palatial "stores," its fine public buildings, its numerous and noble churches, its beautiful gardens and parks, its generous charities, its wonderful public library, and its complete and costly provision for education; and one must confess that its citizens have no small reason to be proud of their young city. If I had met a good deal of "blow," I should not have wondered; but most wonderful to me was the almost entire absence of it.

I wish I could speak with more satisfaction of the political life of the Colony, and of the tone of its newspapers. As to politics, the discussions of the Lower House seldom rise above the level of town council debates; and they are often degraded by personalities as offensive as those of a third-rate American legislature. As to the politicians, I will say no more than that it seemed to me as though the most respectable men avoided election, except to the Upper House. One of the dangers of Victoria is that which has already overtaken the United States, that the best men of the Colony will not expose themselves to the discomfort and often degradation involved in obtaining and filling a place in the Representatives' Chamber.

The tone of the newspaper-press is also matter for deep regret. Conducted with considerable ability and at lavish expense, the leading newspapers of this Colony are under the control of a hard, sordid, materialistic creed. They appeared to me to be invariably wrong on all moral and religious questions; indeed, to be incapable of treating such questions in anything approaching a spirit of candour, much less of sympathy. In this respect

Melbourne is at a great disadvantage as compared with her sister capitals. Everywhere, save here, I thought the daily papers were wishful to treat the highest questions at least with fairness and respect, and in most cases with cordiality to all that is "lovely and of good report."

In religious matters, Victoria displays that many-coloured aspect which is presented by most English-speaking communities. Of course there is absolute freedom of religious opinion, and there is a great number of sects, some of them ridiculously small and very oddly named. Previous to 1875 the various denominations were concurrently endowed: a sum of £50,000 a year being paid by the State for the purpose. In that year, however, all such aid ceased, and now there is no connection whatever between Church and State. Nevertheless, the Episcopal Church maintains a good deal of the prestige which it enjoys at home, and the Bishops of that Church are generally, by courtesy, addressed as "My Lord," and that in a democratic country where there is no aristocracy.

But the experience of the Colonies, no less than that of the United States, proves that the real secret of the arrogance of many Episcopalians is not the connection of their Church with the State. For where there is no such connection there is often to be seen quite as much assumption. The absurd fable of the Apostolical Succession, accepted and believed in by good men, is the secret of clerical exclusiveness; and where this figment is held, disestablishment does not, and never will, create true brotherly relations between the Episcopal and the non-Episcopal denominations. It is right, however, to say that Bishop Moorehouse, of Melbourne, is by no means an extreme instance of Episcopalian pretensions. He appears to cultivate harmonious relations with other communions; and in a Church Congress recently held, was courageous enough to express sympathy with a proposal to allow non-Episcopalian ministers, under certain restrictions, to preach in Anglican pulpits. He is, I should suppose, of the school of Bishop Fraser, and is undoubtedly the most powerful representative of religion in the Australian Colonies. Presbyterianism is very strong; and the canny Scots are following the policy so successfully pursued by the English Presbyterian Church, of tempting able men from Scotland by the offer of handsome stipends, and comfortable positions. Wesleyan Methodism is a compact and powerful body, to which I hope to devote a special chapter. Congre-

gationalism is represented by a few very able preachers, but it is not a large denomination; the Baptists are still less numerous.

The religious life of the Colony did not appear to me specially vigorous. I heard of very little revivalistic work, and of few men having the reputation of uncommon earnestness in the immediate pursuit of souls. That true, good work is being done no man can doubt; the proofs of it are apparent. But the advance is steady and systematic, rather than rapid and triumphant: and the bustling, active, speculative, almost feverish life of the population makes the work of the Church especially difficult.

AT EVENTIDE.

BY ELLEN K. KERRY.

AT eventide, in days gone by,
They laid their sick at Jesus' feet;
So come I now, dear Lord, to Thee:
Oh, hear me at Thy mercy-seat.

Although my body feels no pain,
My heart is sick and full of sin;
I long, O how I long for peace:
Open Thy door and take me in.

For Thou alone canst give me rest,
My longing soul canst satisfy;
Then send Thy Holy Spirit down
And bid my tears this moment dry.

Thou'st taken what I most did love,
My earthly hopes they shattered lie.
All could I bear, and more than that,
If I might always feel Thee nigh.

But unbelief creeps in my heart
And fills it with such dark dismay,
I need Thy peace; O shed on me
One brightening, heavenly ray.

Like Mary, I would love to sit
At Thy dear feet and learn of Thee;
'Tis Thou alone could'st make all clear,
These thoughts so full of mystery.

But then, Christ knows my every fear,
All, all my grief and all my woes;
My inmost, secret, hidden tear,
How comforting, that Jesus knows.

THE MINOR POETS OF METHODISM.

BY THE REV. JOHN A. WILLIAMS, D.D.,

A Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

II.

AMONG those who exercised a salutary and religious influence upon the public mind, in the early days of Methodism, was the Rev. John Berridge, Vicar of Everton. He was the son of a farmer of Nottinghamshire, and was educated at Clare Hall, Cambridge. His conversion is said to have been promoted by the pious example of a boy-neighbour, and the religious influence of a tailor, sometimes employed in his father's house. After his settlement in his parish, he became the subject of converting grace ; and Everton was, for many years, the centre of a wide sphere of evangelical labours. He sought an interview with Wesley, and they became fellow-workers. Berridge was wealthy and liberal, even to excess. He rented preaching places, supported lay-preachers, and aided poor societies. Like many other good and zealous men he had a rich fund of humour and ready wit, which he allowed to play freely, both in his public discourses, and in his conversation with his friends. In his poem written on the death of Whitefield, we have a specimen of the manner in which he could unite pure, but quaint, fancy with good thought :

When Satan's troops are bold
And thrive in numbers too,
The flocks in Jesu's fold
Are growing lank and few.
Old sheep are moving off each year,
And few lambs in the fold appear.

The flocks that long have dwelt
Around fair Sion's hill,
And Thy sweet grace have felt,
Uphold and feed them still ;
But fresh folds build up everywhere,
And plenteously Thy truth declare.

As one Elijah dies,
True prophet of the Lord,
Let some Elisha rise
To blaze the Gospel word ;
And fast as sheep to Jesus go
May lambs recruit His folds below.

Berridge was a man of robust constitution, firm in purpose, with undaunted courage, unwavering faith, and intense sympathy. He preached usually twelve sermons a week, and it is recorded that under his ministry, and that of his fellow-labourer, the Rev. Mr. Hicks, about four thousand persons were brought to seek God in the space of twelve months. Shortly after his conversion, and while in association with the Wesleys, he published a "Collection of Divine Songs"; but after he became a Calvinist, and had published his "Christian World Unmasked," he says of his "Collection": "I was not wholly satisfied with it. The bells indeed had been chiefly cast in a celebrated foundry, and in ringing were tunable enough, none more so; but a clear Gospel tone was not found in them all." "Sion's Songs," his new venture, were his own; some of them are quaint enough, and some of them have great warmth and spiritual feeling, and are worthy of the man of whom the saintly Fletcher wrote: "I only do him justice when I say that few, very few of our elders, equal him in devotedness to Christ, zeal, diligence, and ministerial success." The spirit of deep humility and genuine lowliness of mind mark many of his hymns and sacred pieces. The following is an example:

MY SOUL IS EVEN AS A WEANED CHILD.

Dear Jesus, cast a look on me,
I come with simplest prayer to Thee,
And ask to be a child;
Weary of what belongs to man,
I long to be as I began,
Infantly meek and mild.

Well weanèd from the world below,
Its pining cares and gewgaw show,
Its hope and joy forlorn;
My soul would step, a stranger, forth,
And smit with Jesu's grace and worth,
Repose in Him alone.

His presence I would have each day,
And hear Him talking by the way
Of love, and truth, and grace;
And when He speaks and gives a smile,
My soul will listen all the while,
And every accent bless.

His "Labourer's Morning Hymn" was very popular, for years after the author had passed to his rest, among the pious

working people in Everton and the neighbouring parishes, and is yet to be found in some collections of sacred song.

I thank my Lord for kindly rest
 Afforded in the night;
 Refreshèd and with vigour blest,
 I wake to view the light.
 Why need I grieve to earn my bread
 When Jesus did the same?
 If in my Master's steps I tread,
 No harm I get or shame.

Oh, let me bless, with thankful mind,
 My Saviour's love and care,
 That I am neither sick nor blind,
 Nor lame, as others are.
 A trusty workman I would be,
 And well my task pursue;
 Work when my Master does not see,
 And work with vigour too.

And while I ply the busy foot,
 Or heave the labouring arm,
 Do Thou my withering strength recruit,
 And guard me from all harm.
 To sweeten labour, let my Lord
 Look on and cast a smile;
 For Jesus can such looks afford
 As will the hours beguile.

There seems to have been a balance of humour and gravity in the character of Berridge; he could joke and be serious by turns. Yet he felt the danger he was in when indulging his waggish mood, and sings in his hymn on "I said of laughter it is mad, and of mirth what doeth it:"

But oh, thou man of God,
 This empty mirth beware;
 March off, and quit this giggling road,
 No room for pilgrims there.

It checks the Spirit's aid,
 And leaves the heart forlorn,
 And makes them look as Samson did,
 When all his locks were shorn.

May Jesus be my peace
 And make up all my joy;
 His love can yield me serious bliss,
 And bliss that will not cloy.

In the spirit of one of his hymns he waited his Lord's coming :

Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest ;
Feeling well the peace of God,
Flowing from Thy precious blood,
In this posture let me live,
And Hosannas daily give ;
In this temper let me die,
And Hosannas ever cry.

A friend who was near at the last, said to him, "Jesus will soon call you up higher." "Ay, ay, ay," he cried, "higher! higher! higher! and my children, too, will shout and sing 'Here comes our father.'" He died January 22, 1793.

John Cennick must be noticed in this connection. He was born in England about 1717, and in 1739, after a long struggle, he found "the way of faith," became associated with the Wesleys, and was appointed a sort of lay chaplain at the Kingswood school. In the course of a few months his doctrinal views underwent some change and he united with the Calvinistic Methodists, and, finally, made his home with the Moravians, in whose communion he continued as an earnest, laborious evangelist till his death, which took place in 1755. He seems to have been a good man ; possessing a sweet simplicity of spirit, with an ardent zeal for the cause of religion. His taste and talent as a hymnist are seen in the hymns that bear his name. They are prized for their fervent, unaffected love to God, to His service and to His people, and one or more of them may be found in almost every hymnary in use in the Churches. He published several collections of hymns for the use of religious societies. Only two of his hymns are included in our Methodist Hymn-Book—hymn 761, "Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone," is by Cennick, and in his own collection is entitled, "Following Christ, the sinner's way to God." It is one of his best hymns, and one that may be taken as a record of his own experience. Hymn 135 is a fine specimen of Cennick's poetic power. It is a sweet hymn: its lyric fervour and its warmth of feeling touch and elevate the soul, and kindle an aspiration for the bright and happy future. His name would deserve to be had in remembrance if he had left no other memorial of the spirit that was in him than this hymn. As it has suffered somewhat by changes, we give it as Cennick left it :

THOU ART A PRIEST FOREVER, AFTER THE ORDER OF
MELCHIZEDEK.

Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of Thee,
No music like Thy charming name
Is half so sweet to me.

O let me ever hear Thy voice
In mercy to me speak;
And in my Priest will I rejoice,
My great Melchizedek.

My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While in this world I stay;
I'll sing my Jesu's lovely name
When all things else decay.

When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all His favoured throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

Cennick left another immortal hymn, which has been a word of cheer and inspiration to many a weary pilgrim toiling upwards. It was published without a title in "Sacred Hymns for the children of God, in the days of their pilgrimage," by J. C. London, 1742.

Children of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

Ye are travelling home to God,
In the ways the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

O ye banished seed be glad,
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

Shout ye ransomed flock, and blest,
You on Jesu's throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your Kingdom and reward.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord, submissive may we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

It has been well said that "hymns of the purest intrinsic worth, as well as high external embellishment, have been composed by humble men, whose names, though forgotten or lost on earth, were written in heaven, where they may still be pursuing the occupation they loved below." Whatever may have been Cennick's want of steadfastness in doctrine, or his want of discrimination as an evangelist, he had warmth, fancy, and tunefulness of poetic spirit as a hymnist, and as the author of the verse, "We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food," etc., will not soon be forgotten.

James Hervey, another member of the "Holy Club," was, like Wesley and Gambold, the son of a Church minister. He was born at Hardingstone, near Northampton, in 1713. At the age of seventeen he left the quietude of his father's home and began his college life in Lincoln College, of which John Wesley was, at that time, a fellow and a tutor. Mr. Hutchins, one of the Oxford Methodists, and afterwards Doctor and Rector of Lincoln Collegē, was Hervey's tutor. About two years after his entrance upon his college course he became acquainted with the Methodists and was permitted to meet with them. Mr. Wesley took great interest in him, and rendered him considerable assistance, especially in the study of Hebrew ; so much so that Hervey, at the age of twenty-two, when he had taken his Bachelor's degree and was leaving college to enter upon the duties of the Christian ministry, wrote to him: "I hereby thank you, as for all other favours, so especially for teaching me Hebrew." And later on he addresses him as the "friend of my studies, the friend of my soul, the friend of all my valuable and eternal interests." True to the principle of the Oxford Methodists, he formed religious societies among his parishioners for the instruction of the "well-inclined people of the poorer sort." Unlike the Wesleys and Whitefield, he was physically unfit for out-door preaching, and the delicate gentleness of his nature totally disqualified him for encountering the hardships, privations, and persecutions endured by his friends. He was not lacking in faith, love, zeal, prayer and religious energy. He gave himself to the work of the ministry in the sphere of a parish priest, in writing long religious letters to his absent friends, and in

composing books which breathe the devoutest piety and which are still read with pleasure and with profit. "He may," says Christophers, "be classed among the poets of Methodism; his soul's life was poetic, his prose was poetry." He wrote several short poems and hymns, and the few that we have awaken regret that we have not more. Here is one that has been often sung :

IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM.

Since all the downward tracts of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
Oh, who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways?

Since none can doubt His equal love,
Unmeasurably kind,
To His unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.

Good when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less when He denies ;
E'en crosses, from His sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

The following lines were suggested on surveying the monument of Sir Bevil Grenville, in Kilhampton :

Make the extended skies your tomb,
Let stars record your worth ;
Yet know, vain mortals, all must die,
As nature's sickliest birth.

Would bounteous Heav'n indulge my prayer,
I frame a nobler choice ;
Nor living, wish the pompous pile ;
Nor dead, regret the loss.

In Thy fair Book of life Divine,
My God, inscribe my name ;
There let it fill some humble place
Beneath the slaughtered Lamb.

Thy saints, while ages roll away,
In endless fame survive ;
Their glories o'er the wrongs of time
Greatly triumphant rise.

Hervey died on Christmas Day, 1758, with the words "Precious salvation" on his lips. Charles Wesley poured out the affection of his lyric soul, on the death of his fellow-helper, in one of his glowing hymns, from which the following stanzas are extracted :

He's gone ! the spotless soul is gone
Triumphant to His place above ;
The prison walls are broken down,
The angels speed his quick remove,
And, shouting, on their wings he flies,
And Hervey rests in Paradise.

Redeemed by righteousness Divine,
In God's own portraiture complete,
With brighter rays ordained to shine,
He casts his crown at Jesu's feet,
And hails Him sitting on His throne,
Forever saved by grace alone.

How full of heaven his latest word !
"Thou bidd'st me now in peace depart,
For I have known my precious Lord,
Have clasped Thee, Saviour, in my heart,
Mine eyes Thy glorious joy have seen,"
He spake, he died, and entered in.

In the crowd that stood around Whitefield when he preached in Bristol, in 1754, was a Yorkshire lad, who had accompanied his father, a pious schoolmaster, to the service, the effect of which never left him. For over sixty years he lived a life of great simplicity and integrity, of confidence, gratitude and love. His name was Benjamin Rhodes. In his twenty-first year he commenced his career as an evangelist and sought to arouse

The sensual from their sleep
Of death, and win the vacant and the vain
To nobler life.

Notwithstanding his sensitive and poetic disposition, he did the work of a faithful minister in a time of trial, disparagement and reproach. He enjoyed largely the confidence of Mr. Wesley and his fellow-labourers, and was a man to be trusted in critical times and places, hence the following characteristic note from Mr. Wesley: "I desire Bro. Rhodes will give no tickets, either to those who have not constantly met their classes, or to any that do not solemnly promise to deal in stolen goods no more." He was honourably mentioned as one of the original hundred whose names were attached to the legal document known as the Poll-deed. It is said to be the prerogative of genius to confer a measure of itself upon inferior intelligences ; this sentiment finds confirmation in the subject of this notice. As a proof we cite that stirring lyric, No. 123 in our hymn-book, the production of Mr. Rhodes, and a great favourite among the Methodists of the Yorkshire dales :

My heart and voice I raise,
 To spread Messiah's praise,
 Messiah's praise let all repeat ;
 The universal Lord,
 At whose Almighty word
 Creation rose in form complete.

The whole hymn is marked by lyrical enthusiasm and forcible expression, the sway of the poet's spirit is felt both over thought and over emotion :

Hail, Saviour, Prince of Peace !
 Thy kingdom shall increase
 Till all the world Thy glory see ;
 And righteousness abound,
 As the great deep profound,
 And fill the earth with purity.

Mr. Rhodes passed away in the earlier years of this century, after fifty years of an itinerant's life, exchanging the weariness of labour for the peacefulness of rest, and found an answer to his prayer :

May I but find the grace
 To fill an humble place
 In that inheritance above,
 My tuneful voice I'll raise
 In songs of loudest praise,
 To spread Thy fame, Redeeming Love.

Reign, true Messiah, reign ;
 Thy Kingdom shall remain
 When stars and sun no more shall shine.
 Mysterious Deity,
 Who ne'er began to be,
 To sound Thy endless praise be mine.

These hymns were added to the lyric literature of the Church by the publication of the "Supplement to the Hymn-Book" in 1831.

Our 168th hymn is by an author little known in these days ; his name was James Allan. Charles Wesley, who met him at Mr. Grimshaw's, says : "I found love for him, and wished all *our* sons in the Gospel were equally modest and discreet." Mr. Allan was born in Yorkshire in 1734, and at the age of twenty-two became an itinerant evangelist in the Inghamite branch of early Methodism. He, in conjunction with Mr. Batty, published "A Collection of Hymns for the use of those that seek, and those that have redemption in the blood of Jesus Christ ;" and the above-named hymn appeared in that "Collection." It

was a strange and crude production, yet full of love for Christ, and faith in His saving power. It was re-written for the "Collection of Hymns for the Countess of Huntingdon's chapels" by, it is supposed, the Rev. Walter Shirley, who gave it its present form. The original, as given by Allan, is as follows :

Oh ! how happy are the moments,
Which I here in transport spend ;
Life deriving from His torments,
Who remains the sinner's Friend.
Really blessed is the portion
Destin'd me by sovereign grace ;
Still to view Divine compassion
In the Saviour's bruised face.

Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
Love I much, I've much forgiven ;
I'm a miracle of grace ;
Filled with sinner-like contrition,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe,
Happy in the sweet fruition
Of my Saviour's painful death.

After twenty years of association with the Inghamites he built a chapel for himself, in which he officiated till his death in 1804. His psalmody is still heard in the Churches, his fine hymn, on "Worthy is the Lamb," is found in many collections

Glory to God on high,
Let praises fill the sky ;
Praise ye His name ;
Angels His name adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And saints cry evermore,
Worthy the Lamb !

And they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name.
We who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread His dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb !

* * * * *

Though we must change our place,
Our souls shall never cease
Praising His name ;
To Him we'll tribute bring,
Laud Him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb !

HALF HOURS IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

BY DR. DANIEL CLARK,

Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, Toronto.

IN the last two contributions, under this title, it was shown how barbarously the insane had been treated in the early ages, under the idea that they were possessed with devils. It was also illustrated by a number of examples how intelligent many were who had brain disease, if tested outside of their delusions. The shrewd reasoning, the sharp repartees, the biting sarcasm, or the cutting irony, are marvels of mental acumen, when we take into consideration the mental troubles. The partial stemming of one or two of the rivulets which flow out of the great fountain of life seems to bestow more volume, power and activity to the other unimpeded psychical streams. The writer also feels that it would be a great comfort to many relatives of the insane to know that great numbers of them are more contented in asylums than they were when trouble and worry of all kinds assailed them at home. To them the anxieties and the undue tear and wear of life are past, are buried forever in oblivion. The capacity to know and to feel keenly is lost.

There is a class, however, who have not this immunity from mental anguish. The persons who are of this kind are those who are filled with profound melancholy because of their supposed shortcomings and sins. When analyzed these transgressions are of a very venial kind. To the patients they are of immense importance, and on them hang the issues of life and death. Such may have sinned grievously in putting on a wrong dress when preparing to go to church, or in wearing a necktie of a particular colour, or perhaps in eating a particular kind of food. The most childish notions are looked upon as being mortal sins, and because of cherishing them they are doomed to eternal torment. Molehills are magnified into mountains. To many such melancholy persons these trifles are, in the sum total, "the sin against the Holy Ghost," and, according to Holy Scripture, can never be forgiven in this world nor in the world to come. They expect no *post mortem* salvation, and, as a result of these sad forebodings, they are so miserable that they wish to die, and consequently are intensely suicidal. Strange to say, although such fear that their souls are to be for-

ever lost, and that there is to be a terrible reckoning for them in the future, they piteously beg to be allowed to plunge into this state of misery and to receive this looked-for judgment of condemnation. Their cry is: "Any way out of the world!" Such often seem to the writer to be like a bather standing by a dark, cold stream, who suddenly plunges in to abbreviate the suspense of lingering on the brink. Anything, anywhere, to avoid the horrible present, and the hideous spectre of apparent guilt.

To the insane all delusions are facts, and the most cogent reasoning cannot drive them away. The mind is constantly "racked with *one* idea." The only sunny glint in the cloud is the fact that, in spite of the tears, the wringing of hands, the sad introspection, the moaning and self-accusation, many of them eat and sleep fairly well, and should they remain insane, many live to a good old age. Those who recover look back to these days of morbid and sad fancies as they would to some dismal nightmare which leaves nothing but a sad memory in the morning. Outside of these ogres of imagination the intellect is comparatively unaffected: hence is their condition the more deplorable. Their appeals to be put out of this mental pain by death are pitiable, and would wring sympathy from the most obdurate and callous nature.

Those who believe they have committed *the* unpardonable sin are the most wretched. Thousands of the suicidal insane, with a religious bent of mind, see in it their knell of doom. Women are more subject to this form of insanity than are the men. The press very often gives us sad accounts of mothers who have put to death their children and then have committed suicide. They usually belong to this class, and on account of their intelligence, outside of the profound sadness, these are not considered dangerous to themselves or others, until some such tragedy has taken place. They often reason thus: "This is a wicked, heartless and miserable world, so I will send my children, whom I love, to the world beyond, and I will immediately follow them." They see no harm in the killing, as in such the moral judgments are perverted. Did the delusions of these sad unfortunates lead them to believe there was no hereafter, and that suicide meant annihilation and consequent freedom in death from these sufferings, the intense desire to kill themselves might have some consistency. Such is not their belief, however, but, on the contrary, their moral natures become super-sensitive. All the judgments and denunciations they can find

in the Bible are, in their estimation and morbid imaginations, hurled at their own devoted heads. They reason that the present is insufferable and the future can be no worse.

It is a common impression that the melancholy are so taken up with themselves and their individual sadness as to obliterate the past. Poets are much to blame for giving these impressions, purely from ignorance of the facts. Penrose sang falsely:—

“Forgotten quite
All former scenes of dear delight:
Connubial love—parental joy—
No sympathies like these his soul employ;
But all is dark within.”

The writer was passing a man thus afflicted, who, as he sat, was hanging his head down to his knees. He was asked why he assumed this attitude. His answer was: “The dark cloud is passing over me and I am waiting for a rift in it, so that I can see the sun shining through.” He had been a brilliant and talented minister. The opening in the cloud never came, and he is now but a child in mental capacity.

It is satisfactory to know that, sooner or later, a goodly number of this class recover, especially if no taint of an insane tendency is present in the constitution. Even then recovery is not hopeless, for nature is ever struggling towards health. Were it not for this grand principle, or law of health, mental vigour would soon be the exception to the rule, and no one could be found to be mentally competent to keep the keys of the doors of any asylum.

A woman patient once said to me: “I am like a traveller walking on a lone prairie in dense darkness. I feel I must go forward, but I know a deep pit is before me into which I must fall sooner or later. The suspense is killing me.” She could not sing the “*Lux Benigna*”—

“O’er moor and fen, o’er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.”

The cunning of such to enable them to bring about self-destruction is wonderful, and the utmost vigilance of nurses and attendants is needed to prevent it. A book might be written on the ways and means they can and do adopt to accomplish their ends. Much has been written on the melancholy of both sane and insane. Burton, in his “*Anatomy of Melancholy*,” has written a fascinating book on this subject, as did

also the English Chartist, Thomas Cooper, in his "Purgatory of Suicides." Shakespeare has drawn, with the brain and pen of poetic inspiration, a faithful portraiture of this class in such a sublime creation as Hamlet. Burton exaggerates a good deal, as those possessed with the versifying frenzy are apt to do. Yet, on the whole, his dismal picture is true when applied to the delusional insane. See, for example, such stanzas as—

"Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Ghosts, goblins, fiends: my phantasy
Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
Headless bears, black men, and apes,
Doleful outcries, and fearful sights;
All my griefs to these are jolly,
None so damn'd as melancholy.

"I'll change my state with any wretch
Thou canst from gaol or dunhill fetch;
My pains past cure, another hell,
I may not in this torment dwell;
Now desperate, I hate my life,
Send me a halter or a knife;
All my griefs to these are jolly,
Naught so damn'd as melancholy."

The misanthropic but gifted Byron gave a mental photograph of himself when he sang:

"Melancholy is a fearful gift,—
What is it but the telescope of truth?
Which strips the distance of its phantasies,
And brings life near in utter darkness,
Making the cold reality too real."

This is the agonizing cry of a sane soul, ever in unrest, like the troubled sea.

Let us hear what a lunatic has to say of his experience in this state:

"A Maniac!
Know ye the meaning of that word,
Ye, who of health and reason are possessed?
Can ye scan
The tumult raging in the inner man?
Could'st thou draw aside the curtain
That doth envelope his distracted soul,
And see behind it what he doth conceive as real,
Thou might'st then see him scorched
'Pon bars of iron, heated red by fire
Enkindled 'neath. On every side are those

Whose office 'tis (it so doth seem to him),
 To see it is not quenched.
 Should this delusion leave him,
 His poor distracted soul will by some new fear
 Be tempest tossed; then will he fancy
 Everything that he doth see or hear,
 And cannot comprehend, is but some method
 To destroy or harm him.
 Thou canst not know nor feel,
 O ye, whom God hath blessed with reason,
 A tithe of what he suffers:
 For this to know or feel,
 You must become like him—a Maniac."

April 10th, 1883.

UTICA.

Crabbe, the melancholy poet, could write from sad experience such words as these:—

"Oh, how the passions, insolent and strong,
 Bear our weak minds their rapid course along,
 Make us the madness of their will obey:
 They die, and leave us to our griefs a prey."

Shakespeare, the greatest of the students of nature, penned truthfully of those who are afflicted as Hamlet was said to be:

"His brain is wrecked—
 For ever in the pauses of his speech
 His lips doth work with inward mutterings,
 And his fixed eye is riveted fearfully
 On something that no other eye can spy."

No wonder this great exponent of humanity failed to define mental disease, and wisely said:

"Your noble son is mad:
 Mad call I it: for, to define true madness,
 What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?"

We must leave this sad subject by merely saying that many of those who are afflicted with despondency are silent and give no expression of their grief in words. Their manner and mute appeals tell the story of their woes. Others are very talkative, and with great volubility pour out their plaint and plead for succour from their imaginary troubles. Some, who are only afflicted with the milder form of melancholy, seem to take a sort of pleasure in reciting their miseries, and this is done with tiresome repetition from day to day to anyone who will listen, even were it to the same person all the time. This habit is not confined to the insane class: every neighbourhood has some

persons who delight to recite their troubles and those of a community, as news, which to them it is sweetness to promulgate.

In striking contrast to these wrung hearts are the following pieces of verse—dare I say poetry. The authors were not convalescents, but hopelessly insane.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

I love to view thee, beauteous star,
Shining in lustre from afar ;
Above earth's ever-varying scene,
Thou sittest tranquil and serene.

Thou dost thy peaceful station keep,
While underneath thee dark clouds sweep;
And storms may dash o'er earth and sea,
But storms may never reach to thee.

O could I mount yon studded blue,
And sit securely there with you,
With what delightful haste I'd go,
And leave this gloomy vale below !

As thus I mused, from yon bright sphere
A voice seemed wafted to my ear;
It spoke—at least to *me* it spoke—
And thus the pensive silence broke :

Stop, mortal, stop, and think one hour:
While I reflect my Maker's *power*,
Thou may'st reflect His richest *grace*!—
Then cease to envy me my place.

Though high in heaven's blue vault I shine,
My nature's lower far than thine,
And thou may'st glow with purer light
When I am quenched in endless night.

My home is in these lower skies,
And I can never higher rise ;
But thou may'st soar to climes above,
Reflecting rays of heavenly love.

Around this dusky globe I roll,
Diffusing light from pole to pole;
But thou may'st shine in worlds unknown,
Revolving round Jehovah's throne.

My light is borrowed from the sun,
But thine is from the Holy One ;
Thy dream of earthly bliss let go,
And thy superior nature know.

—M. A. C.

It has been said in law, that if any patient can distinguish right from wrong he is not insane. I gave this subject to one who is incurable. Here is the result :—

“Sir,—Right and wrong are matters of education. What is right in one country may be wrong in another. In some countries children are murdered by mothers as a religious duty. In Sparta it was a custom to leave aged parents to die on a high hill, and children were taught to steal as part of their training. Some good men, in ignorant times, had more wives than we would allow. It was right to them but it is wrong for us. A king or a chief in some countries does not think it wrong to chop off anybody’s head he may pick out. It is his right. We do not allow it because life is sacred. Our vice is lying, and I may add, cheating and stealing. We don’t think it wrong to lie in trading horses. We don’t think it stealing to carry off an umbrella and never return it, or borrow a book and never send it back. I have done the same with a jack-knife. This is all wrong, but we are not educated up to the right point.”

J. Mc.

SPRING.

These longer days on Time’s swift wing,
Disclose a babe, the infant Spring,
But just released from Nature’s womb,
In but an infant’s unripe bloom.

Faint is its breath, its voice unstrung,
Unskilled in use of speech or tongue;
Beauteous child in Nature’s arms,
As yet it hath not many charms.

Dame Nature, with discerning eye,
Doth read its face and know its cry,
Sees promise of a beauty rare
In this her child of tender care.

Some day, with smile most wondrous sweet,
It doth the chilled creation greet,
And melody is in the voice
That bids all listening ears rejoice.

Spring’s beauties one by one expand,
’Neath Nature’s kind and fostering hand,
And blushing soon, a shy, sweet face,
Stern Winter’s image shall replace.

On every hand a wondrous store
Of garments fair to deck her o’er;
Flowers most sweet, at her command,
Salute young Spring in all the land.

All hail! to Spring, now reigning Queen,
We love thy beauty’s gentle mien,
And sweet-voiced birds from far away
Haste thee to welcome with their lay.

The streams and brooklets all rejoice,
For thou hast loosed each tiny voice;
The sky, the earth, the winds, the rain,
Yield to the power of thy reign.

New life, new hopes by thee are brought,
With promise rich their advents fraught;
We ope our hearts to thee, O Spring!
And to thy praise we speak and sing.

—M.

Asylum, Toronto, May 16th, 1886.

A RIDDLE.

You are surely weaving day by day,
Thread upon thread, a cable grey;
Nor pause to think now when you might,
If you are weaving this cable right.
This cable daily doth stronger grow,
Will have you fast, before you know,
In silken bands or chains of steel,
And make for you your woe or weal.
Tell me the name of this cable strong,
That every day and all day long
Twineth you ever round and round,
Without a sign and without a sound.

Answer : *Habit*.

—S. M.

Asylum, Toronto, March 20th, 1886.

It will be seen from these specimens, which might be indefinitely extended, how mistaken the public are in respect to the mental scope and capacity of large numbers of the insane.

The following arithmetical questions were worked out by a patient who is full of delusions and sometimes is maniacal. At intermissions he is very quiet and spends a good deal of his time in solving problems of various kinds. The following is an example :—*

"A began work on a job at so many cents for the first day's wages and a geometrical increase each following day, and was joined every following morning on the job by an extra man, whose wages were the same for the same day as his; and if 557,941 be added to the square of the sum of the first N, natural numbers (where N equals the number of men who worked on the job), the sum will be the number of cents they earned. And if they had all started work together, and a man quit work at the end of each day, then by adding 88,177 to the sum of the squares of the first N, natural

* This problem is beautifully written in a fine clear hand, as is also another problem of a much more complicated nature, which for lack of space we omit.—ED.

numbers, the sum will equal the amount in cents they would have earned. Now each man received a daily allowance in addition to his wages for expenses, consequently as full pay a day for the first three days was in Harmonical Progression, and the amount he received for the first and third day's pay was thirty-two cents, while his wages for the same time were twenty cents. How many men worked on the job? How much was allowed a man a day for expenses? What is the amount of wages they earned? Answer: (i) Ten men; (ii) six cents; (iii) \$5,609.66.

—W. D.

All asylums can show the ingenuity and mechanical skill of many of the patients. Those who have been craftsmen, before mental affliction overtook them, retain their handiness and skill, as well as the sharpness of the experienced eye. I have quite a collection of curiosities made by their ingenious hands. Here is before me a ward key, which is made out of the maple which the patient was sawing and splitting for firewood. It is an exact copy of the steel keys the attendants use to open doors. Every groove and projection is made, as in the original, and true to the sixteenth of an inch. While the cunning fellow was making it, and afterwards, he kept it hid, and when opportunity offered he charred and hardened it at the fire. The very grain in the wood was made to do duty in the strongest direction. It will shoot back any bolt of a lock for which it is intended. He scraped it into this shape with a nail he had picked up. One night he got out of his bed to make a strike for freedom. After opening his bedroom door with his wooden key, one of his room fellows gave the alarm and he was captured by the night watch.

Another patient picked up a beef's shin bone while taking his daily walk in the grounds, and at the same time he found a small piece of glass. He secreted these about his person until he got to his bedroom and then he hid them in his mattress. Out of the hard exterior of the bone he made a key, by scraping down the necessary parts with the sharp edge of the glass. With shrewd foresight he made a key on each end of the bone, there being only a slight difference in size, so that if one should prove to be too large or small, the other might not fail. The sizes had to be taken by the eye, as none of the real keys were allowed to be in the hands of patients. Both of these keys would open the locks for which they were intended. A capture was made before these keys could be used.

There is a patient here who works in our blacksmith shop. He has made several formidable pocket-knives out of odd scraps of iron, steel and wood. They have handles, back-

springs, and close like any ordinary knife. He will do the work of manufacturing them so cunningly that unless some one is constantly with him he is never seen at his work. We have to search him every day he works, and as a result I have quite a collection of these formidable weapons. He baffled us to such an extent that now he is never let out alone to work in the shop.

There is a beautiful bird-house in our grounds erected on a high platform. It is shaped like a church steeple, or like a public monument. It contains dozens of bird-houses, in many of which are glass windows. The architecture is Gothic, and those qualified to judge say the proportion of width to height, in all the details, is beautifully correct. Its arched windows, miniature turrets and pointed minarets show good taste and just measurements. The work took a year to complete, and the builder had formerly been a carpenter. This erection shows unimpaired memory, normal judgment, excellent taste, and great perseverance. The mind of its maker is now a complete wreck, and the "Nevermore" of Poe's raven, sitting on the bust of Pallas, is echoed in every innermost recess of his brain. He was always full of delusions, but harmless; now the hand has lost its cunning and the mind its directing force.

A German, who in his native land had been a draughtsman has not lost one iota of his skill. The writer has in his possession specimens of his work, showing thorough knowledge and excellent execution in all the details of this exact craft. The lines, the perspective, the proportions, the shading and the scale are all and always correct, as any work of the kind. He has no superior in Toronto. His skilled hand and educated brain have not lost any of the former co-ordinating power in this direction.

A NOBLE LIFE.

WOULDST shape a noble life? Then cast
No backward glance toward the past;
And though somewhat be lost and gone,
Yet do thou act as one new-born.
What each day needs, that shalt thou ask:
Each day will set its proper task.
Give others' work just share of praise,
Not of thine own the merit raise.
Beware no fellow-man thou hate;
And so in God's hands leave thy fate.

THE PREACHER'S DAUGHTER.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

III.

ALMOST immediately after this sermon, Mr. Fletcher left Garsby-Langside, and went to another circuit. Salome felt that his absence would be a relief. He knew her so well that she could not hide her sins from him. She could tell John that she was sick, and stay away from chapel, but with her father's clear eyes searching her face she never dared to say it. When alone with her, he tore away from her conscience all its flimsy pretences, and called every one of her sins by its right name.

Their parting was a very solemn one. She had spent the day with her parents, helping them to pack the few books and personal possessions which they could call their own. They were so few and so simple that they touched her with pity. She could not help contrasting them with the abundance and richness of her own home and wardrobe. Their love, gentleness, and childlike purity made her, for the hour, ashamed. She was singularly affectionate and respectful to them, and left some honest tears of regret upon her mother's patient face.

Just at nightfall her father walked up the fell with her. Solemnly he spoke of the trials he saw approaching, and the duties which it would be her privilege to fulfil. When they reached the garden gate, they stood silent a moment, looking down at the busy valley, and across the moors, where lights were beginning to twinkle in the upland farmhouses. Then he said: "Salome! look at these fells and moors, and at the sky above us. They are witnesses this night between you and me that I have set good and evil, the blessing of God, and the wages of sin before you. They are witnesses now, and when you are dying they shall come before your face. Oh, my daughter! live so that you will be able to look upon them without a fear."

She did not answer, but she lifted a pale, solemn face to his, and he kissed it and went away. For a few moments she watched him pass like a shadow down the misty hillside, and then she turned into the house. The spacious parlour, with its handsome furniture and bright fire, and the table laid for the evening meal, affected her like familiar objects of life affect the sleeper who awakes from some sad, mysterious dream. She sighed heavily, and then began to slice some cold beef, and cut bread and butter, as if she would demonstrate to herself in some tangible way that she still belonged to this world. At that

hour she could not think unkindly of her father, yet she did wish that he would not always bring the next world so close to this one. "‘To live as seeing things invisible’—how can a young woman do that? It is not right of him to ask me," she mused.

By and by John came home. He was very anxious and unhappy. There was very bad news. In fact there was no hope of more cotton until the war was over. "I can only run the mill six hours a day now, Salome," he said sadly, "but half a loaf is better than none, and the men and women took it very patient."

"Hargraves has shut his mill entirely," John.

"Hargraves is like a big fat bear; he can live on himself rarely, and never feel that he is a selfish brute for doing so. I am none of that sort."

"But your cotton cannot last long, and then you will have to shut the gates."

"No, I won't, either. I have a bit of money laid by, and I'll buy at any figure as long as it lasts. I am trying to decide whether it will be best to buy at once, or to trust to the Indian staple bringing down prices."

"Don't spend it all, John. It is not right to ourselves. The war will soon be over. Richard said so."

"Richard does not know everything, my lass. The North has been preaching to the South for a long while; and the South has been calling the North every bad name it can think on—and, from what I can understand, they can think of a good many aggravating ones—and words have come to blows, and they won't find out in a hurry which of them can hit the hardest ones."

"I think it is very hard on us. It is none of our quarrel."

"Ay, but it is Salome. It is every good man's and every good woman's quarrel. I have not heard a word to the contrary from any of the poor fellows who will have to half clem for it. Now, then, we must see what we can do without. I shall sell the horses, and thou had better send cook and Lydia away; they have been used to wasteful times; thou can get one good strong woman, who will do all thou needs."

Salome's face had darkened as he spoke, and she set her tea-cup resolutely down. "John, I cannot do without Lydia. I have been so weak lately that I can hardly get upstairs."

"Then we must live down stairs, dearie. I will not keep two servants. I don't know whether I ought to keep one. I am very sure that I will not feed horses when there is going to be women and children crying for bread."

"I suppose cook and Lydia will want bread too."

"Nay, they have no occasion to. They can go to Bradford or elsewhere. A servant can be a servant anywhere—a cotton-

spinner is fit for no other thing. There's a heap of difference, Salome."

"It is a fine thing to be called 'generous' and 'noble,' and make me pay for it. You do not care what I suffer."

"Thou must have reckoned me up better than that, Salome; but it takes a woman and a wife to say a cruel thing. They know how to hit a man's heart, and never miss doing it."

Unfortunately, there are people who will understand how a discussion begun in this spirit and ended in hysteria. A little before midnight John was hastening down to Garsby for a doctor, and all night long the house was in tumult and confusion, with sobs and shrieks, and the hurrying up and downstairs of the women. When morning broke, cold and wet, Salome fell into a sleep of exhaustion, the doctor buttoned up his coat and hurried home, and the servants made themselves a cup of tea, and began to put things to rights again. But amid all his grief and fright, John had a sense of deep wrong and unkindness. The burden seemed almost too great for him that morning, for when he recalled the scene of the night, he had, in spite of his love and pity, an intolerable feeling of shame.

This was but the beginning of sorrow. Before a year had gone there came a mournful day to John Denby and his nine hundred "hands." It was on one of those dull, wet days in the middle of summer, which seem so dreary and unnatural. John's last shilling was gone, and he knew that a few hours would clear out the last tuft of cotton. He walked through the mill, and a ghastly walk it was. Some of the looms had already stopped; at others the hands were watching the raw material consuming, minute by minute, the loads upon the looms getting smaller and smaller. Then there was not a shred left. Men and women stood looking at John. There was something almost awful in the idleness of that busy place. The very looms seemed conscious of calamity. With tears running down his face, John gave the order for the machinery to stop.

"Lads and lasses," he said, as he faced them, "I have done my best."

"Thou hes that, master; and we are none likely to forget it," answered an overlooker.

"We have trusted in God so far, and if He tries us a bit further, we can trust Him further, I hope."

"Ay, ay!" came heartily enough from the white lips of the half-fed, anxious crowd; and then suddenly a woman's voice rose shrilly above the sobs breaking out from behind many a lifted apron:

"Thankful, I take the cup from Thee."

It was a Methodist hymn known to every one there; and John

caught it up at the second word. Before the first line was finished, nine hundred voices were joining in it:

“Thankful, I take the cup from Thee,
Prepared and mingled by Thy skill;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

“Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief and fear and care shall fly
As clouds before the morning sun.”

They passed out of the mill singing it, and left John alone among his silent looms. He had been working them at a loss of sixty pounds a week for a long time. It does not sound heroic to say this, but it really was a deed of far grander self-sacrifice than those the trumpet blows from east and west; for it was done without any hope of future benefit, since John fully believed, with every one else, that as soon as the war was ended, four million bales of cotton would be poured into the Manchester market.

The “hands” had, in their way, shown an equal degree of heroism. The wages at John’s mill had been nearly two shillings a week less than the charity which the relief fund allowed them; but not a man or woman had preferred it. Every one had worked their three days a week, at next to nothing wages, manfully and womanfully, rather than take the nation’s charity until they were compelled to do so.

The closing of John’s mill was immediately followed by the closing of three larger ones. Their owners, richer men than John, had felt ashamed to close their gates while Denby’s mill persevered; so that the stopping of the latter threw nearly three thousand more “hands,” with those dependent upon them, on the public care. Full of the gravest anxiety, and feeling with all his heart the deeper poverty of the men and women so long associated with him, John went home that day sorely needing comfort.

He was glad to find his sister there. When John married, Mary Denby had given her life up to works of charity; and no one knew the poor of Garsby and their especial needs so well. The first movement of the National Relief Committee had been to secure her aid, and to this post they had added a small salary; for the day had come when Mary Denby also was nearly penniless. True, she lived in her own house, and had the rent of four other houses to support her, but the whole four were occupied by men connected with the closed mills—men now far too destitute to pay rent. Her small savings were gone, and she took the appointment as a special goodness from God’s hand. She had come to ask John’s help in a pecu-

liar case, and while she waited for him, was trimming and tying up some fuchsia plants that were dying for want of attention.

Salome sat rocking herself to and fro, listless and silent. She had taken a deep dislike to Mary. She was jealous of John's attachment to her, and she fancied he was always regretting the days when they lived together. She was also quite sure that in some way or other John supported his sister, and therefore defrauded her to do it. Mary's very cheerfulness was an offence to her. She knew it was "put on," and, if it was real, "How heartless people must be to feel cheerful amid so much misery and want!"

"I have just locked the mill gates, lasses," said John, as he sat down. His voice was full of trouble, and leaning his elbow on his knee, he hid his face in his hand.

"Of course it had to come to that," answered Salome, "and I have been made to suffer all this time for nothing."

"Nay, but John only did his duty, Salome, and thou wilt be glad he did it, some day—Salome is not feeling well to-day, John, or she would never speak so. I am downright sorry to send thee back to town again to-day, but there is something thou must do there as soon as ever thou can. Thou remembers Josiah Yorke?"

"For sure I do."

"Well, then, he needs thee badly. Go and see him, and thou wilt understand."

John rose slowly, but Salome said, "John, you shall not go. You have not done a thing for me to-day, and yet I am hardly able to trail myself from one room to another. It is too bad, and it is not right to leave me, and run after paupers."

"Don't ye call honest workingmen names. Thou wants nothing with me but to worry me out of my senses, and lay every evil thing thou can think of against me."

A passion of sobs and tears answered him; but John was well used to sobs and tears, and they did not now detain him from duty. Mary, however, went to her side, and asked, "Whatever art thou crying for?"

"There—never—was—a woman—so ill-used! He—has—given—all—his money away. I am—the last person—he cares for. I was a great fool—to marry—him!"

"I have not a word to say for John on that subject, for he was a big fool for marrying thee. But if thou says that John Denby ill-uses thee, or neglects thee, or does anything a good man should not do, then, Salome, thou lies; and that is the short and the long of it."

"I will not be spoken to in that way, Mary Denby."

"Very well, then, speak the truth, and behave thyself. I tell thee, if thou had seen the starving women and children I have

seen to-day, thou would go down on thy knees and thank God, day and night, for thy good husband and thy good home. Thou hast wanted for nothing."

"I have wanted a great many things—things John promised me when I married him."

"Could John foresee this trouble? For shame of thyself, Salome Denby! Listen, and I'll tell thee what I saw this morning. I went into a cellar where a woman was dying—dying of hunger, lass! Her sucking baby died yesterday. A broken-down, broken-hearted man crouched by a grate full of cold ashes. Seven bits of children stood or lay about the room. There was not a thing to sit down on; they had parted with the last chair for a mouthful of bread. A boy six years old was cramming an empty spoon down his mouth; he was trying to make himself believe he was eating. One, two years old, with a face like death, and arms and legs like sticks of bone, was lying motionless on the floor. When I brought some hot soup to them, the children fairly screamed, and one little lass, trying to get to me, tottered and fell, she was that faint and weak. I am telling thee the truth, and thou need not look so scornful."

"I have my sorrows too, and what other people suffer does not help me."

"Ay, but thou art a hard-hearted lass! Nobody need look to thee for help or comfort—thou art too busy pitying thyself. Come now, Salome, I mean nothing unkind. I dare say thou hast had a right down poorly spell, but thou should try and say a helpful word to John at this time."

"He should say a helpful word to me, I think. Instead of that he is always helping strangers. Oh, I knew all about it!"

"Thou knows nothing about it, nothing at all! Thou art full of suspicions that thou ought to be ashamed to give heart-room to. Josiah Yorke has worked for John nigh on twenty years. He is a quiet man, that nobody heard much of till he sent for me this morning. He has been very comfortably off. I used often to notice his pretty flower garden, and his tidy parlour full of books, and pictures of great Methodist preachers. I found him in one poor, bare room."

"With a dozen children, I dare say."

"Thou art far wrong. There was only one child there—a baby a month old, the child of his daughter Sarah. It lay in the arms of its great-grandmother, who is ninety-nine years old. Think of that, Salome! She was born when Dr. Johnson was walking about London; she was married when the French Revolution broke out; she had turned middle age when Waterloo was fought. And yet she could talk pleasantly to me; and as for the famine, she knew all about it. Josiah's sons and daughters have all been out of work for more than a year, and

he has been keeping them—selling all he had to do it. As for the poor old grandmother, she has always lived with him.”

“And it was about this old woman John was sent down the fell, I suppose?”

“No, it was about something far more pitiful. Josiah has a brother—a poor, half-witted old man—and, it may seem odd to thee, but he is very fond of him, and never would allow him to be sent to the asylum, for fear he would be badly treated. Indeed, he has always had the very best of everything Josiah had, and with all a love and a patience that was beyond everything. He was never dangerous till he was hungry; and it takes a deal to satisfy him, and I have no doubt Josiah has done without many a mouthful for him. But when John stopped, he was forced to go to the Relief Committee, and they want to send poor mad Tom to the asylum, and Josiah can’t bear to part with him. He is Josiah’s own brother, thou sees.”

“I should think the asylum was the proper place.”

“No doubt thou thinks so, but Josiah does not, and I don’t; and I am very sure John won’t. John will see the committee, and they will do a deal for John—he is that much respected by every one. Now, Salome, I’ll tell thee what; come with me now and then, and see what others are suffering; it will help thee to forget thyself, I’ll warrant it will.”

“You forget how weak I am, how sick I have been; but my troubles are imaginary, I suppose!”

“Well, then, to tell the even-down truth, I think they are mostly so; but then imaginary troubles are often as bad to bide as real ones. Nay, lass, thou need not cry for me; I have seen too many honest tears to be taken in with thine. Come, let us have a cup of tea, and be friends. I want to talk with thee a bit about John. Sit still, and I’ll make it.”

The prospect of the tea and chat was not disagreeable to Salome, but she could not bear to give in; and Mary had tried coaxing so often before, and found that Salome usually grew more and more unreasonable under its influence. So, as she was not answered in any way, she put on her shawl and bonnet, and went home.

An hour afterward she was sitting quiet and alone. The sight of John’s domestic misery always saddened her; to-night it sent her thoughts in a direction she seldom permitted them to take—the love and shame and grief that had darkened some years of her own life. “John and I have both loved well, and both loved unwisely,” she mused; but when did any heart open the door to love, and not let sorrow in with him?”

There was a knock at the door; a single, timid knock, full of uncertainty. “Come in, friend,” she said; and the door was slowly pushed back. A tall, slouching man entered; a man with the general appearance of the colliers at Lister’s pits, six

miles away. The white face, so peculiar to these sunless workers, was made still more pallid by the gray light, the mass of black hair surrounding it, and the loose suit of black corduroy. He stood with his hat in his hand, speechless, and looking full at Mary.

She answered the gaze, curiously at first; then, trembling from head to foot, she rose from her chair, and cried out, "Luke! Luke Bradley! Is it really thee?"

"Ay, it is me; but I wouldn't dare to come where thou art, if I hadn't a good reason."

"Thou art home again?"

"I have been back nearly six years. Many a morning and evening I have laid low in the ling and watched thee and John going to chapel."

"John is married now."

"I know."

"Well, Luke?"

"For sure, I was forgetting what I have come for. I have been working in Lister pits ever since I got back."

"That was a queer thing for thee to do."

"I was bound to be where I could get a sight of thy face once in a while. In a public-house near to the pits I met Jerry Moxham. He had been over the sea, too, and if ever he cared to talk a bit about the hell we had both been in. He worked in Lister pits, and I thought it was a very proper place to hide my face in. So we lived and worked together until he went to the devil last week."

"Luke!"

"Ay, he said he was going to him, and it's likely he knew. He went roaring drunk, too, as he always said he would. He had no relations, and nobody he liked as well as he liked me, so he left me all the money he had saved. There is as much as six hundred and odds. I have brought it to thee—not for thyself; oh, no! I knew better than that—but for the poor women and childer that are clemming all around."

As he spoke, he took from his hat a new white kerchief, in which he had tied up the gold; and he laid it down upon the chair nearest to him. "I bought the handkerchief on purpose; they were in Moxham's dirty leather bag, and I washed every bit of gold in the little beck that runs above the Force. It is clean money every way; Moxham worked honest for it. Wilt thou take it?"

"I will take it, and thank thee for it, Luke. It will bring thee the love of little children, and the blessing of those ready to perish. Whatever made thee think of such a thing, Luke?"

"I'll tell thee. Moxham was buried last Saturday, and I knocked off work. I thought I wouldn't lift a pick again as long as the money lasted. Sunday morning I wanted to have a

look at thee, so I sat me down outside the Chime of Bells Inn, to watch for thee going to chapel. I saw thee take another way, and I wondered at it, and so I followed thee. Mary! Mary! I was watching through the window when thou washed them two skeletons of childer, and put them in one coffin; and I saw how thy tears fell all the time, and how thou fed the poor mother and wiped her face with thy handkerchief. I saw it all, and I went into the churchyard and laid me down in the long grass behind a big headstone, and I cried as I have not cried since I was a little lad; and I said, 'I will give old Moxham's money, every penny bit of it, to buy food for women and childer; and Mary Denby—God bless her!—will know who needs it most.' And when I had said that, I felt nearer heaven and nearer thee than I had felt for twenty years, and I kept still and listened to the trees whispering above me, and to the organ, and the people singing in the church, and I would have prayed if I had dared to take His name into my sinful lips."

"Oh, Luke! oh, Luke! my dear, dear lad!"

"Don't thee say that. Oh, don't thee say that!" and he drew his coat sleeve across his eyes.

"It is wonderful, Luke! Wonderful that God should pick thee out to help His perishing children. And thou hast done it without grudging and without delay—done it at once. *He* has been seeking thee, Luke. Go now and seek Him. Why, thou might have drunk this money!"

"I should have drunk every penny of it if I had not brought it to thee."

"Still the old sin, Luke."

"Still the old sin. I make a pound a week, and I drink ten shillings of it."

"While the famine lasts, bring that ten shillings to me. Bring it every Saturday; wilt thou, Luke?"

"I don't know as I can promise that."

"Try—for one week; just for one week, try, Luke."

He shook his head doubtfully, and went away without another word.

Mary Denby was neither a weak nor a sentimental woman; but she was much affected by Luke Bradley's unexpected visit. She was also a little frightened. It was possible some of Moxham's late companions had kept the hoard in view, and not impossible that it might be taken by violence from her before morning. Without leaving her house, she called to a neighbour, and asked him to take a note to her brother. John was walking anxiously about his parlour when he received it. Salome was busy on one of those endless pieces of crotching, whose monotony and uselessness were a constant irritation to John. The complacent satisfaction with which she counted the stitches, or spread the work out on her knee to examine,

seemed unfeeling to him that night. He was longing to talk about his anxieties, longing to be comforted with a word of love or hope.

When Mary's note came, it was the last straw he felt able to bear. It had been a day of trouble and sorrow to him; he had been down the fell three times; it was raining and gloomy; he was weary and heartsick, and shrank from hearing anything more of life until he was stronger to bear it. But the urgency of the note admitted of no delay. He said, with a sigh, "Salome, I must go to Mary; she needs me very particularly, she says."

"And I say you shall not go out again to-night. I am not going to be left alone at all hours for your sister's whims."

"I have not asked thee yet whether I can go or not, I am going; thou may be sure of that."

"I am afraid to be left alone."

"Joseph Naylor is sitting with Ann in the kitchen. I will tell him to stop until I return."

"I am so lonely."

"Not thou. Thou can go on talking to that bit of coloured worsted. It is better company to thee than I am. It has been 'one, two, three, four, slip one, take two,' ever since thou sat down."

"I think you had better stop with your sister. If you are not home by ten o'clock, I shall lock the doors."

He stood still with his coat half on, and looked at her; and for once she trembled before the anger she had tempted.

"Nay, thou need not be frightened: I am none of them who would strike a woman, however cruel she is; but I will tell thee one thing, and thou had better mind it: if thou dares to turn the key of my door against me, thou may go home to thy father to-morrow."

When he entered Mary's room, he was wet through, and crosser than Mary had ever seen him before. "Whatever is the matter?" he asked fretfully. "A man may as well live between two fires as between two women." And she saw the tears standing in his large gray eyes—standing there, as some very bitter tears will stand, without overflowing.

She helped him off with his coat, and pulled his chair before the bit of bright fire, and when his wet feet were on the fender, and the pipe she kept ready for him in his hand, she told him all about Luke's visit, and showed him the gold.

Before the story was half finished, John had forgotten all his own troubles. He was thinking only of what great good the money would do, and of what course must be taken with regard to Luke; for Mary had asked him, anxiously, "If he comes back on Saturday night, John, what must we do?"

"Well, I hope we have a religion, Mary, that will reach to

Luke Bradley. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. I never heard yet that Methodism made out to narrow that belt of mercy. Thou used to love him?"

"I did that."

"Then do thy best for him, and I'll help thee."

He entered his own house by the kitchen door, in order to let Joseph Naylor know he was at liberty; and he found Ann frying ham and making tea. "Whatever is up now, Ann? It is a queer time to be cooking," he said.

"Missis' father hes come, sir. Missis is in a sad way, sir—crying as niver was."

No one's presence could have pleased John better than Mr. Fletcher's. Now he felt sure of sympathy and advice; but he perceived, as soon as he entered the parlour, that he had come with bad news. Salome was weeping passionately upon the sofa, and Mr. Fletcher, who sat warming his thin hands at the new-made fire, was evidently in deep sorrow.

"Trouble, father."

"Yes, John, but it might have been worse. Richard is dead—but he died well, thank God! While I drink a cup of tea, take Salome to her room; then I can talk with you."

Salome had now a real sorrow, perhaps the greatest one that could at that time have come to her. She was prostrate with it, and it was nearly an hour before John could leave her in charge of the servant. But her grief was not as touching as that of her father, who sat with a letter in his hand, so lost in distressful thought that he was quite unconscious of the tears dropping upon it.

"This is Richard's last letter, John, written under a certain presentiment of near death. He confesses in it that he had spent all the money you gave him before he joined the army; but, once at the post assigned him, he seems to have fully done his duty. He says to me that, out of simple pity, he began to point the dying men in hospitals and battlefields to the Saviour; and that, one night, He whom he preached so ignorantly, revealed Himself to him in all His beauty and love. Many other things he says, John, which have both broken and healed his mother's and my heart."

"How did he die, father?"

"On the battlefield. The comrade who forwarded his letter says: 'He died well and easily. He had been at the front to attend to a wounded officer. On returning to the rear, he saw a poor fellow, who was mortally wounded, looking mournfully at him, and he knew the look meant 'water.' After he had given the man a drink, he asked: 'Is it victory, Doctor?' Richard answered, cheerfully: 'It is victory in front.' And the words were scarcely uttered when a shell struck him. He died instantly—died while doing a kindly act.' Oh! John!

John! If I could have died for him! If it had been possible!"

"One died for him nineteen hundred years ago."

"I know, I know."

"See, where before the throne He stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer."

Day was dawning when the two men parted, but John had told all his perplexities and sorrows, and been strengthened and comforted.

Mary Denby, also, had passed a wakeful night; but, finding thought master of sleep, she made up her fire, and sat sewing all through its long hours. The monotony of the action helped to quiet her restlessness, and while there were thousands of garments to be made, the time was well employed. Luke Bradley's return was the one event which she had ceased to expect, even to think of. Six years had passed since it was a possibility, and nothing had been heard of him. To have him open her door, and drop suddenly again into her life, was a thing so astounding that she hardly dared to look at the consequences; and yet she felt it impossible to put him out of her consideration.

They had loved each other when children, gone to Sunday-school and chapel together; for three years she had looked upon Luke as her future husband; and without doubt he had been tenderly attached to her. Their lives had been parted by one of those tragedies whose anguish is really deepened by their vulgarity. Luke, in order to extend his father's business, had begun to travel for it. Then he had fallen in with men who taught him to drink, and the man who drinks is never safe, night or day.

In an hour which began with brandy-punches, and singing, and fancied good-fellowship, Luke quarrelled with the man next to him. It was about the most trivial matter—a half-penny more or less on a bundle of yarn—but ill words followed doubtful words, and the man struck Luke. The next moment Luke felled him to the ground, and he died within an hour.

Luke never saw his home again. As he had been struck first, he escaped the full penalty of murder; but he was sent to Norfolk Island for fourteen years. His father had mortgaged everything to defend him; he became listless and despairing, and in two years he was in the grave. The mother quickly followed. A glass of brandy, a drunken brawl, a desolate home, a young man working out in chains and misery the price of all—that was the common, every-day tragedy which had broken Mary Denby's life in two. Soon afterward John inherited some money, and bought the house on Garsby Fell; then he built his mill, and removed his sister from associations so full of sorrow and shame.

And time cures all griefs. She had forgotten. She had been

happy again. She was beloved and respected. To have this dead shame come back into her life, and shadow her fair name, and darken her duties, seemed at first more than she could bear. But kinder and more womanly thoughts followed. She remembered the morning walks to chapel over the green fields full of primroses and daisies; the singing pew where they had looked over the same hymn-book; the moonlight evening when they wandered down the lane, white and sweet with hawthorn, talking of their marriage and planning their housekeeping; and in all her memories she could not recall one unkind or selfish deed against Luke.

"He was just as bright and handsome a lad as ever drew the breath of life," she mused. "I wonder whatever I should do." Then John's words answered her—"Do thy best for him, and I will help thee"—and she rose up and folded her work away, and opened the door and looked out. She was astonished to find that it was day. The sun was just rising, rising gloriously, without a cloud. She looked at it a moment; then as she turned in, said solemnly, "I will do as John said. I will do it with all my heart."

"JESUS ONLY!"

BY THE REV. JAMES WHITING.

- "Jesus Only!" when the morning
Glow with bright and varied hues;
"Jesus Only!" when at evening
Sorrow doth our hearts suffuse.
"Jesus Only!" when in spring-time
Bloom and beauty so abound;
"Jesus Only!" when the autumn
Scatters dying leaves around.
"Jesus Only!" when the sunshine
Sheds in streams its glory down;
"Jesus Only!" when the storm-clouds
Change the sky to darkest frown.
"Jesus Only!" when companions
Come in bands along our way;
"Jesus Only!" when the dearest
Of our loved ones pass away.
"Jesus Only!" whilst I'm living,
Holding converse with my friends;
"Jesus Only!" when I'm dying,
And the earthly conflict ends.
"Jesus Only!" in the battle
As I carry sword in hand;
"Jesus Only!" when I triumph,
Safe within the "Better Land!"

Current Topics and Events.

THE FISHERY QUESTION.

We are glad to find that most of the better class journals of the United States refuse to join in the bitter tirade of Senator Ingalls against the British interpretation of the Fishery Treaty of 1818. The *Christian Union*, one of the most influential of these journals, has the following sensible remarks on this subject :

"It is clear that there is very little popular feeling with regard to the fishery business. The practically unanimous action of the Senate is met by a practical unanimity of indifference throughout the country. This does not mean that Americans are less sensitive to infringements of their treaty rights or less delicate in their sense of honour; it does mean that they do not intend to be artificially stimulated into an outburst of national rage. Firmness in dealing with a foreign power is a very different thing from bluster, and it is unfortunate that Senator Ingalls does not understand the difference between the two. It is to be hoped that the entire indifference of the country will convince him that the American people have outgrown such crude and superficial patriotism. They will not allow the national honour to suffer, but they will decline to deal with an international question in a spirit of bravado. There is a feeling in England, as here, that any question of the peaceful settlement of the matters now pending between the nations is absurd. Great Christian States, leaders of civilization, ought not to go about in the nineteenth century like bellicose boys. Meanwhile, if the politicians will keep as cool as the people are in regard to this question, a right, wise, and honourable settlement is certain to be secured."

The Canadian Government, we think, is willing to extend all customary international courtesies to Ameri-

can vessels engaged in legitimate trade on our coasts. But when they come to steal the bread out of the mouths of our fishing population, that is another matter. Having ruined their own fisheries by the reckless use of the seine and other methods, unlawful in our waters, they would soon destroy ours also if permitted. It is not only the right but the duty of our Government to protect the harvest of the sea of those who have no other harvest. The present writer thinks that scarce any one in the Dominion receives so many letters from the poor fishing villages of the Maritime Provinces, as himself, and in some of these the poverty shown is distressing. The following is an example. It is from one of our own ministers in Newfoundland, but great distress often results from failures in the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion as well :

"The people all about here, as well as in other parts of the country, were last winter and spring in a state of almost starvation—they would have starved but for Government support. And this summer, even at this hour, there are scores of families within three miles of me, on the brink of absolute want. God only knows what the end of it will be if the fishery does not shortly improve."

Another minister writes that he has himself, by the instruction of the Government, distributed over 200 barrels of flour, for which men labour on the roads to keep their families from starvation.

Is it upon these poor starving fisher-folk that a great powerful, and we trust chivalrous nation like the United States, wants to make war? We reject the thought as an insult to the humanity, not to say Christianity, of its people.

Instead of war, or an international embargo, we hope for that guarantee of peace, a reciprocity treaty of com-

merce between the two countries. It would be greatly to the advantage of both. We observe that Admiral Porter, whose professional training leads him to magnify his office, is urging on Congress to spend \$10,000,000 a year for ten years, to put the navy and coast defences in an efficient condition. In twenty-four hours, he says, the British could over-run the lakes with gunboats and iron-clads, by means of the Welland Canal; and he laments that while the United States is sitting quietly, Canada, by means of the C. P. R., is capturing the commerce of the East. "There is enterprise for you," he says, in his letter to Congress, "well calculated to throw the boasted enterprise of Americans into the shade." The level-headed *Scientific American*, however, laughs at his alarms. "The game would hardly be worth the candle," it says, "if an immense navy is to be created to enable our fishing vessels to violate treaties with Canada." And again, with reference to the C. P. R., it says, "It is not our part to violently oppose the execution of peaceful enterprise, or to go to war for the purpose of hindering the development of Canada." Such, we believe, will be the verdict of every man of common sense in the country. War between the United States and Great Britain we believe to be impossible since the settlement of the Alabama claims by peaceful arbitration in the quiet chamber of the Rath House of Geneva.

RUMOURS OF WAR.

Since the above was written we have come across the following confirmatory remarks in the *North-Western Christian Advocate*:

"A war between England and the United States is as nearly impossible as any contingent event can be, and has been practically impossible since we settled the 'Alabama claims' by arbitration. A petty fisheries dispute cannot embroil in war two great nations that have already settled serious questions by peaceful methods. . . . Is it really true that making ready to fight prevents fighting? When the best half of the life of a

nation has become military, as in France and Germany, it is impossible that much and incessant war talk and war plans should not result in actual and bloody war. It is fair to presume that people will do what they are industriously getting ready to do. If you get ready to fight, you will probably fight. This is the common-sense view of the subject. Attend to peaceful pursuits, and leave bullies to think about clubs, and you will have no occasion to fight. A street rowdy is always fighting. A plain farmer or mechanic has no pugilistic occasion to use his fists. What nations fight? Are they such as the United States, or such as Bismarck's Germany? Do nations that spend half the people's income on war implements and soldiers avoid war? No. The truth is, war is promoted by all these preparations for war, and the absence of such preparations tends to peace. The danger of war would grow rapidly if we should undertake to get ready to make war successfully. . . . As soon as you place a gun in a man's hands he wants to shoot something. If he is in uniform he wants to shoot a man. Powder fairly longs to explode. Don't let anybody persuade us to build powder-mills."

The chief cause of the prosperity of the United States we believe to be that, with a population of 50,000,000, she has not 50,000 regular soldiers—not half that number we think, scarce enough to garrison her forts and act as police over the savage tribes of the frontier. The nation devotes its energies to peaceful industries; to material development; and, no money being wasted in maintaining an expensive army and navy, useless except in war, it becomes rich and strong, able to bear the money strain of war, if war unhappily should come.

A chief cause of the prosperity of Great Britain is that her "ancient and unsubsidized allies, the winds and waves that guard her coasts," to use the phrase of Burke, enable her to dispense with the vast army that crushes the industries and cripples the finances of the Continental nations. Though charged with the in-

terests of forty colonies around the world, and with an Indian Empire of 240,000,000 of people, she has, we believe, a less number of men under arms than poor, half-bankrupt Italy, where the taxes are one-third of the entire income of the people. And this impoverished country is trying to rival the Mistress of the Seas in the size of her ironclads and the weight of her guns. Her vast carrying trade and her scattered colonies require the Ocean Queen to maintain an efficient marine police. The very rivalries of foreign navies in a sense compel it. But this is no menace to peace-keeping nations. Yet many of the best friends of England think the naval estimates needlessly large. In time of need her swift merchant marine could be quickly armed, and could scour all the seas, and show their heels to every ironclad that floats. Let all Christian men, especially all leaders and moulders of opinion, all legislators and rulers, all preachers and teachers, all writers and editors, cultivate the things that make for peace and there will be little danger of war. Few more contemptible creatures exist in the world than your fire-eating editor, who, sitting in his safe easy chair, dips his pen in gall and stirs up the passions of hate and hell in the hearts of a people who would have to pay the penalty of war in anguish and in blood.

A CANADIAN CHAUTAUQUA.

The great Chautauqua movement has been extending its ever-widening circle till now it may fairly be said to engirdle the world. It has 1,200 members in Japan, with circles in India, in the Sandwich Islands, in Europe, and some 2,000 members in Canada. Throughout the United States there are many branch assemblies—from Maine to California and south to the Gulf of Mexico. The latest link in this great chain is the Canadian Chautauqua at Niagara. It is expected to give a great impetus to the Chautauqua movement in Canada, and to become an important centre for carrying out a similar programme of high class educational,

moral and religious meetings to those of the original Chautauqua. A vigorous company has been organized, composed of a number of strong capitalists, a park of ninety-two acres has been purchased on the shore of Lake Ontario at Niagara, adjoining Fort Missisaga and on the historic battlefield. A programme is being arranged for a series of attractive meetings, beginning with a combined Queen's Jubilee and patriotic demonstration. Special prominence will be given to Sunday-school and Normal-class assembly work; to Chautauqua examinations and conferring of diplomas; to Temperance, Y.M.C.A., and Christian conventions—to everything, in fact, that can promote the religious and intellectual welfare of man. Situated on the main route of travel by steamers and trains it will be at all times accessible, and the beautiful park will furnish pleasant summer homes for the citizens of Toronto, Buffalo and adjacent centres of population. The carrying out of this comprehensive plan is vested in an able directorate of which the Rev. Dr. Withrow, Secretary of the Sunday-school Board of the Methodist Church, is President, and Mr. L. C. Peake, so long and so favourably known as an active Chautauquan and zealous Y.M.C.A. worker, has been secured as Managing Director.

AN OLD TIME RELIC.

We have before us an old time-stained MS. volume, kindly lent us by Dr. Canniff, of this city. It is a "Journal of the Labours and Travels of Joseph Lockwood, one of the Wesleyan Ministers of the Gospel in America." It is dated New Haven, May 19, 1808. It is touching story, describing the early life, privations, early ministry and hardships of the writer. In the fall of the previous year he was sent as a missionary to Upper Canada. He crossed the St. Lawrence in a leaky boat. He expected to meet wild beasts, but was most afraid of savages. He found the little town of Kingston a very wicked place. The roads were wretched. It rained day after day. He waded through swamps and wan-

dered through the dreary wilderness, preaching in small log-houses and shanties, with pleasure to himself, he says, and profit to the people. He got lost in the woods. His health failed. He repined in his sickness and fell into an unheroic mood. Here the journal abruptly ends. But a preface to the book was written the following spring, on his twenty-third birthday. His health was quite broken, and his death, he says, was very near. He therefore left this little book, "as a confirmation of divine truth, that after my decease my relatives may here discover as in a glass the face of one who wishes them all eternal prosperity." The faded ink, the yellow paper, the feeble writing of the frail hand that for eighty years has been mouldering in the grave, give a pathetic interest to the meagre little book. Another of the unknown heroes of Methodism went down to his early grave.

ANOTHER TEMPERANCE VICTORY.

The cause of temperance won another great victory in Toronto when the Council reduced the number of taverns to be licensed from

224 to 150—a reduction of one-third. The friends of the traffic made a vigorous defence, in which they were aided by some of whom better things might have been expected. We trust their vote on this question will be remembered, and that they will be replaced next year by men who will secure a still greater reduction, till our city shall be swept clean of the curse of licensed manufactories of pauperism, vice and crime. Alderman Boustead clearly showed that these kept pace with the traffic. In 1876, when the population was 70,000, the number of taverns was 437, and 5 per cent. of the population were arrested for drunkenness. In 1886, with a population twice as great, the number of taverns was 224 and the arrests for drunkenness amounted to only 3½ per cent. of the population. The further reduction will, we are sure, show a further decrease of drunkenness. Mayor Howland showed that not one-third of the so-called hotels could supply a meal's victuals. What temperance sentiment has accomplished in this city, the very headquarters in this province of distilling and brewing, can be accomplished elsewhere. Now for an advance all along the line.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The second Methodist Ecumenical Conference will meet in the United States in 1891. All the Methodist Conferences of the world are expected to co-operate.

The subject of Methodist union is now popular among the various branches in England. Several circuit quarterly meetings have adopted resolutions favourable to re-union. The editor of *The Methodist Times* thinks that the responsibility of the issue now largely rests upon the shoulders of the Wesleyan Conference.

Several re-union meetings have been held in various parts of the United Kingdom. During the first week in the new year meetings were held every night at Camborne, when on successive evenings ministers of the Church of England and the five branches of Methodism all took part.

In a Wesleyan church near Manchester, a union sacramental service was held. Ministers of four branches of Methodism took part, and the Rev. J. Medicraft, President of the Methodist New Connexion Conference, and formerly General Superin-

tendent in Canada, presided. At other services on the Sabbath there was a general exchange of pulpits.

There is some talk of having a Common Hymn-Book for all branches of the Methodist family. Some of the Sunday-schools already use the same book of song. Several of the leading secular journals have contained well-written articles on the movement, which is a clear indication of its popularity.

Methodists are proverbially loyal. The jubilee year of Her Majesty's reign will be celebrated in a variety of forms. Dr. T. B. Stephenson, of the Children's Home, who attended our General Conference last September, is arranging for a monster gathering about June 20th, by which time he hopes to have all, or at least a considerable portion of the ten thousand guineas, which will provide home and maintenance for fifty orphan or destitute children in addition to those now maintained; and also a Jubilee House at Birmingham, a Jubilee House at Edgworth, the enfranchisement of the Home at Bonner Road, and a sum to aid the current income to bear this additional charge. Dr. Stephenson proposes that 10,000 persons shall collect or contribute one guinea each. How many in Canada will assist?

Modern Methodism in London was born in 1861 with the formation of the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund. Since that time sixty-nine large chapels have been built at an aggregate cost of \$3,000,000. No other Church has made the same advance. In 1792 there was one Methodist church in London to every twenty-one in the provinces; now there is one to every eleven. In the same year (1792) there were three circuits in London, eleven ministers and 3,514 Church members. In 1886 there were in the same area ninety-three circuits, 185 circuit ministers, twenty-seven departmental ministers, sixty-three supernumeraries, and 36,000 Church members.

The Rev. George Piercy, the founder of Methodist missions in China, is now a missionary in London, and gives all his time to the Chinese of that city. He occupies a

room in connection with the Mission House, where the "Celestials" call upon him daily. During the year 1886 he was visited by no less than 4,767 of those interesting people to whom he taught the way of salvation.

The Rev. Thomas Champness employs a great number of lay missionaries, to whom he only promises board and lodging while they are in his employ. He gives them such instruction as he deems suitable, and sends them out in bands much in the same way as is done by the Rev. David Savage in this country. He also publishes a periodical called *Joyful News*, the profits of which last year exceeded \$6,800. He also receives large sums of money by free-will offerings. He thus sustains his labourers, whom he employs in various places which he thinks need their services. Great good has resulted from the labours of those agents.

The Rev. H. P. Hughes has been engaged in revival work in Edinburgh. For more than a week three services were held daily. Much good was done among various classes, including young men and students. A lady, not a Methodist, contributed \$500 to the London Mission as a thank-offering to God for the blessings which attended Mr. Hughes' mission in Edinburgh.

A great revival has begun in Barbadoes through the labours of the Rev. A. McAulay, who is visiting the West Indies. In one week 300 persons became seekers of salvation.

The Wesleyans in England observe the second Sunday in December as Temperance Sunday. Sermons are preached in all the churches, and in many places a public demonstration is held during the week. A correspondent says: "There has been a distinct advance in public opinion and in medical opinion on the subject of temperance recently, and the prospects of the cause are decidedly hopeful."

A bazaar was recently held at Malta on behalf of the Methodist work in the army and navy of that place. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught were present, as was also

the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, and thus showed their approval of the good work which is being done by the Methodist missionary.

The *Methodist Times*, which is published at one penny per week, had a profit during the last year of \$750, all of which was given to the Ministers' and Widows' Annuitant Fund.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

The communion of the Lord's Supper was recently celebrated in Bethel Chapel, Burslem, when all the Methodist, Baptist, and Congregational ministers took part in the service, and members of all the Non-conformist Churches in the town attended.

The memoir of the Rev. W. N. Hall, one of the founders of the Chinese mission, will shortly be published. The Rev. Dr. Stacey is the author.

An open-air prayer-meeting was conducted on a recent Sunday evening in the Market-place, Leicester. Notwithstanding an incessant fall of snow, 2,000 people assembled.

The special committee appointed by the last Conference to consider the state of the Book Room recommend its continuance, and have agreed to submit the names of Revs. Dr. J. C. Watts, J. Medcraft, and W. Longbottom as suitable for the joint office of Editor and Book-Steward. The two first named are well known in Canada.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The location of the Maclay Theological College is one of the most delightful in California. Bishop Fowler visited the place, and was unqualified in his approval of the selection. The university of Southern California now represents in lands, money and buildings property to the value of one million dollars.

Lincoln has been selected as the location for the Methodist University in Nebraska. \$50,000 in cash, and lands valued at \$243,000, were the inducements offered by the citizens which secured the prize.

At the North-Western University, Evanston, near Chicago, the whole number of students is 1,197; in arts, 794; law, 143; medicine, 132; theology, 123; pharmacy 61; theology in Swedish, Danish, and Norwegian, 34. The endowment has reached three millions, and \$100,000 has been expended in new buildings and facilities for instruction.

The New York *Observer* calls attention to the fact that the Methodist Episcopal Church is by far the most influential temperance society in the world. It further states that it is not so widely known as it should be, that the law and discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with nearly 13,000 ordained ministers, nearly 2,000,000 of communicants, and many millions of adherents, are positively and unequivocally directed against the moderate use of intoxicating drink.

Since the war, says Dr. McCabe, 11,000 new Methodist churches have been built in new places, or nearly 7,000 more than the Congregationalists have accumulated since the Pilgrim Fathers held their first prayer-meeting on Plymouth Rock.

Bishop Warren announces that 100,000 new members have been added during the last three months. About 50,000 have also been added to the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

About 300 professed conversion at the Thomas Harrison meetings in Trinity Church, Boston.

The Methodist Churches of Boston observed Friday, December 31, as a day of fasting and special prayer for the success of the revival services soon to be begun under the leadership of Messrs. Jones and Small. These meetings have been very successful.

A missionary is now employed in and about Castle Garden, New York, under the supervision of the Tract Agent of the Methodist Book Concern. In three months 150,000 pages of tracts have been circulated. A female missionary has also been in the same locality under the supervision of the Woman's Home Missionary Society.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

The mission in China has been formed into a Conference. One Sunday Bishop Wilson preached to a congregation in which ten nationalities were represented.

It resolved to raise next year for foreign missions \$500,000.

One year after the self-supporting missionaries of Bishop Taylor sailed from New York, twenty-three others embarked at the same city for the Congo. The company consists of farmers, mechanics, ministers, carpenters, painters, gardeners, engineers, tanners, harness makers, a medical doctor, and all are filled with the missionary fire. A week's meetings were held in the church of which the Rev. Bidwell Lane, D.D., is pastor, at which the Rev. Dr. Lowry presided. Several ministers, including Bishop Harris, took part in the services, and the testimonies given by the heroic men and women who were about to depart to Africa were of the most thrilling character. Large congregations attended the various services, at which contributions were made which more than defrayed the necessary expenses. Several persons contributed to the "Transit Fund," though no appeal was made. A large number of friends accompanied the party to the ship, where they sung and prayed together.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The fourteenth anniversary of Dr. Mackay's entry into Formosa was celebrated in a joyful manner; converts, 1,273 in all, were gathered together; some had walked five days to be present at the celebration. Hundreds walked three or four days. Mandarins, civil and military officers, merchants and headmen in Bangkok and other places sent letters of congratulation. Says Dr. Mackay:—"Fourteen years ago I landed here. All was dark around. Idolatry was rampant. The people were bitter toward any foreigner. There were no churches, no hospitals, no preachers, no students, no

friends. Year after year passed away rapidly. But of the persecutions, trials and woes; of the sleepless nights; of the weeping hours, and bitter sorrows; of the travelling barefoot, drenched with wet; of the nights in ox-stables, damp huts, and filthy, dark, small rooms; of the weeks in a savage country, seeing bleeding heads brought in to dance around; of the narrow escapes from death by sea, by savages, by mobs, by sickness, and by the French—you will never fully know. I told the great multitude that being shut out from my beloved Formosa was the hardest thing I had to bear during all the fourteen years. There is no sham, no romance, no excitement, no sentimentalism here—no, but stubborn fact. When I landed there was not one convert. Yesterday, 1,273 rejoiced in singing praises to God."

In New Hebrides, the Rev. H. A. Robertson writes most encouragingly from Erromanga. He recently administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to 712 persons. Some of those who took part in the murder of former missionaries are now under instruction of Christian teachers. The people sent last year two pounds of arrowroot as a free contribution to the Missionary Society in Canada, and teachers, of whom there are between twenty and thirty, contributed £10 sterling to the Bible Society in grateful remembrance to that noble institution for printing God's Word in the language of the New Hebrides.

A new church was recently erected and most of the expense defrayed by the people themselves. There are 500 professing Christians on the islands. During the year 143 gave up heathenism.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

A Methodist college and ministers' children's home has been opened at St. John's, Newfoundland. The Governor of the Colony presided at the opening and made an eloquent speech. The Rev. Geo. Boyd, President of the Conference, Dr. Milligan, inspector of Methodist

schools; the Hon. C. R. Ayre and others took part in the interesting services which formed a red-letter day in the annals of Methodism in Newfoundland.

The Ladies' College at Mount Allison has on its rolls 125 students, a large increase over any previous term.

There is a society in connection with the Second Methodist Church, Charlottetown, whose members, almost 200 in number, are pledged to oppose the use of either intoxicating liquors or tobacco.

New churches have recently been dedicated at Listowel and Burlington. Lindsay church has also been enlarged and beautified.

The *Christian Advocate* of New York recently contained some very friendly notices of Methodism in Canada. It says: "In twenty-seven cities during the last ten years, the growth of Methodism has been in round numbers forty-three per cent.; that of Presbyterianism, thirty per cent.; and that of Anglicanism, twenty-seven per cent.; while the Baptists have increased eleven per cent. Canadian Methodism, take it all in all, is at the present time probably the best type of Methodism to be found in the world. It sustains class-meetings, and its people all attend the services of the sanctuary. In this country there are many churches as spiritually vigorous and successful as any in Canada, but the general average of Canadian Methodism we believe to be considerably higher than it is here." That is the reward which God gives to churches which cultivate peace and union, instead of hugging their ecclesiastical peculiarities, and glorying in their divisions.

Bishop Galloway says of the Methodists in Canada that "they deserve to be called the hymn-singing Methodists, as were our fathers."

Chancellor Nelles, Dr. John Potts and others are busily engaged both in the pulpit and on the platform advocating the claims of the Educational Society. The income is by no means adequate to its claims. It is to be hoped that the labours of those honoured brethren will everywhere

be crowned with success. The support which the Educational Society has hitherto received has not been creditable to the Methodist Church.

The Oka Indians are again in trouble. The gentlemen (?) of the Seminary have served an ejection on the missionary which commands him to leave the reserve within eight days, and thus the poor people will be deprived of the ministrations of their spiritual teacher, who has been their trusty friend in all their seasons of trouble.

ITEMS.

A preacher of South Wales, by name Ezekiel Rogers, has lost both arms, and uses his tongue to turn over the leaves of the Bible when in the pulpit.

A young layman, an earl's son, and an accomplished Oriental scholar, proposes to establish a mission at his own expense among Mahommedans in Arabia and to be the director of it in person. He is an elder in the Free Church of Scotland.

THE DEATH ROLL.

Chief Justice Jackson, of the M. E. Church South in Georgia, has gone to his reward. He was seventy-four years of age and was highly esteemed in public life. He was a class-leader, Sunday-school teacher, and had been a member of several General Conferences.

Bishop Potter, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, United States, recently died. He consecrated 117 churches and laid over 100 corner-stones. He was eighty-four years of age.

As these notes are being prepared news reaches us that the wife of the Rev. Dr. Pickard, of New Brunswick, has gone to her eternal rest.

We learn also of the death of Mr. Wm. Kingston, of Ottawa. For many years he was professor of chemistry and mathematics in Victoria University. During the latter years of his life he was employed in the Department of Agriculture, and was a prominent member of the Dominion Church.

Book Notices.

The Midnight Sun. The Tsar and the Nihilist. By J. M. BUCKLEY, LL.D. Sq. 8vo, pp. 376. Boston : D. Lathrop & Co. Toronto : William Briggs. Price \$3.00.

Dr. Buckley is well known in Canada through his frequent preaching and literary visits, and is still more widely known as the accomplished editor of the *New York Christian Advocate*, the most widely circulated Methodist weekly in the world. Dr. Buckley is one of the keenest and shrewdest of observers, and few men living can so well describe what he has seen and studied. We say studied, for this volume gives the result of long and careful studies of the institutions, character and customs of the people among whom he travelled. Especially is this true of the comparatively little-known empire of Russia, to which the greater part of this volume is devoted. The dark problem of Nihilism is one which he especially investigated under conditions of much advantage. He regards the system as one of blind obstruction and anarchy, greatly retarding instead of promoting the progress of freedom and political development. The strange life and architecture and customs of the half oriental city of Moscow, of St. Petersburg, of Warsaw, the great fair of Novgorod, and a hundred other striking themes, are vividly brought before us. The chapters on the Greek Church, on the dissenting churches, on the Jews in Russia, on Russian life, and literature, and poetry, on unhappy Poland, etc., are of exceeding interest and instructiveness. The earlier part of the book describes an extensive journey through the scarce less interesting countries of Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, including a visit to the North Cape and view of the midnight sun. The book is gotten up in the admirable style for which its publishers are noted, and is handsomely illustrated and attractively bound.

Essays, Reviews, and Discourses.

By DANIEL D. WHEDON, D.D., LL.D. With a biographical sketch by his son, the REV. J. S. WHEDON, M.A., and his nephew, the Rev. D. A. WHEDON, S.T.D. 2 vols., pp. 352, 400. New York: Phillips & Hunt; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price \$2.50.

Dr. Whedon was one of the greatest minds American Methodism has produced. Though for many years from physical infirmity almost a recluse, he yet contributed more probably than any other to mould the higher thought of the Church. During his management of the *Methodist Quarterly* his own contributions were first sought and most eagerly read; and hundreds of Methodist preachers preserve their files of the *Review* chiefly for his admirable papers. Dr. Whedon's was one of the most broadly receptive minds we have ever known—open as the day to the admission and calm discussion of the most recent theories of science and philosophy. He was without a particle of bigotry and was as devoid of prejudice as any man could be. He sought only truth and was prepared to accept light from whatever source it came. In these volumes his most valuable contributions to the *Review* are preserved. Among the subjects prominently treated are Arminius and Arminianism; the Doctrines of Methodism; the polity of the Methodist Episcopacy, on which he held rather High Church views; and other papers on practical religion. Volume II. is made up of statements, theological and critical, covering such ground as Theism, Anthropology, Evolution, Life, Religion and Science, Christian Evidences, Methodism, Christian Perfection, Eschatology, and the like. On these great themes he speaks with the wisdom of a sage and with the piety of a saint. His style is terse and strong, with a phraseology at times decidedly Whedonese. His

epistolary style was vivacious and piquant. We have a sheaf of private letters which we have seldom seen surpassed in elegance in printed correspondence.

Home Life of Great Authors. By HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD. Cr. 8vo, pp. 385. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.50.

We all wish to know something of the personal character and home life of the great authors who have been to us a solace in solitude and a joy and inspiration in many a lonely hour. Yet authors are, for the most part, recluses, the private side of whose life the unsympathetic stranger may not know. While their outer life may be uneventful, their mental and spiritual biography may often be most interesting and instructive. It is not idle curiosity or mere gossipry that causes this desire for a more intimate acquaintance with the companions of our best hours. They are often a greater moulding influence on our lives than our closest daily fellowships. Miss Griswold has accomplished her delicate task with tact and skill. While she is to the virtues of her heroes very kind, she is to their faults a little blind, and, where it is possible, throws the mantle of charity over their shortcomings. In many cases one will get a better idea of the genius and character of the author from these sketches, with the accompanying citations from their works, than from much independent reading. Unquestionably one will go to the minute study of their writings more intelligently after having a knowledge of the social and moral forces which made them what they were. We have here discriminative sketches of the cold and selfish Goethe; the impassioned and erring Burns; the brilliant Madame de Stael, whom the conqueror of Europe tried in vain to crush; of the sublime dreamer De Quincey; of the genial Charles Lamb; of honest, hearty Walter Scott; of poor, proud Byron; of the "lunatic angel" Shelley; of Victor Hugo; of George Sand; of the whole school of recent English and

American authors, Irving, Tennyson, the Brownings, Hawthorne, Whitier, Longfellow, Holmes, Thackeray, Kingsley, Ruskin, and many others who lived lives of almost ideal nobleness and beauty.

The Person and Work of the Redeemer, or the Image of Christ, as Presented in Scripture. By J. J. VAN OOSTERZEE, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Utrecht. Translated from the Dutch by MAURICE J. EVANS, B.A. 8vo, pp. 500. London: Hodder & Stoughton; Toronto: S. R. Briggs. Price, \$2.50.

Dr. Oosterzee was, during the latter years of his life, the recognized leader of the Evangelical party in Holland. In learning, eloquence, and piety, he ranked with the greatest divines of his day. His death in 1882 was an irreparable loss to both religion and learning in his native country. His great works are his *Levan Jesu*—(Life of Jesus), and his exhaustive *Christologie*. Of this latter, the volume before us is a concise abridgment—a summing up and concentration. The plan of the work is very comprehensive. It discusses successively: 1. The Son of God before His incarnation—in relation to nature, to creation, to humanity, and especially to the people of Israel. 2. Christ in the flesh, in His voluntary incarnation, His earthly appearing, His deep humiliation and the beginning of His exaltation. 3. The God-man in glory, in heaven, in the heart, in the world, in the future. The book is eloquent, devout, orthodox, learned. It will be a valuable addition to any preacher's library.

Christ's Coming Kingdom, or the Lord's Reign on Earth. By HENRY VARLEY. pp. 401. Toronto: S. R. Briggs. Price \$1.75.

We are firmly persuaded that the theory of this book, and of other pre-millennial works, rests upon erroneous exegesis of Scripture. "The pre-millennial theory," says Dr. Whedon in his work above cited, "is based upon a most mistaken interpretation of the 19th and 20th

chaps. of Revelation." "The shocking series of misinterpretations to which it (the book of Revelation) has been subjected," says Canon Farrar, "have been due to the rejection by the instinctive feeling of Christians of the conflicting schemes of exegesis which have distorted this book, page after page, into a fantastic and impossible approximation of events, religious and secular, during the nineteen Christian centuries." (*Messages of the Books*, p. 517). "Even according to the year-day theory," continues Whedon, "the reign of Christ will be not 1000 years—a less extended reign than that of anti-Christ—but 360,000 years; and the number of the lost in comparison to the saved may finally be as the number of malefactors now living to the rest of society." Mr. Varley, Mr. Needham, and Mr. Guinness, are pious men and successful evangelists, but we cannot accept their guidance, nor that of the much abler critics whom they follow, in their pre-millennial theories.

Commentary on the Gospel of John, with an Historical and Critical Introduction. By F. GODET, of Neuchâtel. Vol. II. Translated from the third French edition with notes by TIMOTHY DWIGHT, President of Yale College. 8vo, pp. 551. New York: Funk & Wagnalls; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price \$3.50 per vol.

We have had occasion to commend very highly the first volume of Dr. Dwight's translation of Godet's great work on the Gospel of St. John. We are glad to welcome to our desk the second and concluding volume—the three volumes of the French edition being compressed into two in the American edition. These books, together with Meyer's Commentary on this Gospel, issued by the same publishers and reviewed in a late number, constitute the best critical apparatus that we know for the study of the writings of St. John. The additional notes by the American editor occupy nearly ninety pages, and greatly enhance the value of this edition. The internal evidence of

the genuineness and authenticity of this Gospel is strikingly brought out. It is to be observed that Dr. Godet regards the twenty-first chapter of the Gospel as an appendix, subsequently written or dictated by St. John; the last and penultimate verses, however, being added by other hands, probably by the other disciples. The arguments in favour of this conclusion carry with them much weight.

The Influence of Skepticism on Character. Being the Sixteenth Fernley Lecture, delivered at City Road Chapel, London, Aug. 2, 1886, by the Rev. WILLIAM L. WATKINSON. 8vo, pp. 162. London: T. Woolmer. Cloth, 2s. 6d. stg.

The admirable Fernley Lecture of last year, which attracted much attention at the time of its delivery, has been expanded into a goodly volume. It is one of the most tremendous arraignments of the moral influence of skepticism upon the character both of the State and of the individual we ever read. The great nations of antiquity pass before us, splendid in letters and in art, but rotten to the heart through vice, and falling to pieces through their own corruption. Then the ablest intellectual types of skepticism, or of the philosophy of negation, or pessimism are brought under review—Goethe, Carlyle, George Eliot, Godwin, Shelley, James and John S. Mill, Miss Martineau, Gibbon, Hume, Voltaire, Rousseau, Comte and Schœpenhauer. It is shown skeptical philosophy does little to prevent its disciples from falling into bitter cynicism or flagrant immorality. The appalling moral statistics of skeptical Saxony, notwithstanding all its æsthetic refinements, show the imminence of a moral interregnum when the restraints of religion are withdrawn.

Loving Counsels: Sermons and Addresses. By the REV. CHARLES GARRETT. London: T. Woolmer; Toronto: William Briggs.

Few men live more fully in the affections and confidence of his brethren than Charles Garrett. His

election to the highest place in British Methodism was a tribute to his nobleness of character and impassioned zeal in Christian work. In these sermons he appears, we think, at his best. Many of them were preached on special occasions. The first, for instance, is an ordination charge; others are memorial or valedictory sermons. One is an address at the Ecumenical conference. Several are terrible arraignment of the drink traffic. Three are sermons to children's Bands of Hope. It will thus be seen that they touch the living issues of the times, not the Apollinarian or other heresies of fifteen hundred years ago. This is the sort of preaching that the age needs—the sort of preaching that will save England and will save the world. Bad as the drink traffic is here, thank God it is not so bad, so damning and desolating, as it is in the old land. The voice of Charles Garrett is a trumpet call summoning the hosts of God to a crusade against this greatest evil of the times.

The Standard Operas: Their Plots, their Music, and their Composers.

By GEORGE P. UPTON. 12mo, pp. 343. Flexible cloth, yellow edges, \$1.50; extra gilt, \$2.00. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

This book is a companion volume to "The Standard Oratorios" so favourably reviewed in our last number. It is constructed on the same method, giving a brief sketch of the great composers, and an outline and characterization of their musical works. Although it is not likely to be as serviceable to the readers of this MAGAZINE as "The Standard Oratorios," yet many of the works here described, the great mythological cycle of Wagner, for instance, have become classic literature; and many lovers of music who never saw an opera, and never will, may here learn the story at least of Lohengrin, Siegfried, Tannhäuser, Das Rheingold, Die Walküre, Faust, I Puritani, the Huguenots and other great works which are among the chief musical achievements of the age. Sketches of over a score of composers, includ-

ing Auber, Balfe, Beethoven, Bellini, Flotow, Guonod, Meyerbeer, Mozart, Rossini, Wagner and Weber are here given, and outlines of over sixty of their standard works.

The Martyr of Golgotha, a Picture of Original Tradition. By ENRIQUE PEREZ ESCRICH. From the Spanish by ADELE JOSEPHINE GODOY. 2 vols., pp. 448, 364. New York: William S. Gottsberger. Price \$1.75.

This book, originally published in Madrid in 1863, is an attempt to do in literature what painters have for ages been doing in art in the portrayal of the striking events in the history of our Lord. It is devout and reverent in its tone—more so, we think, than General Wallace's "Ben Hur," which has reached such a phenomenal circulation. It adopts several of the Apocryphal and Roman Catholic legends which Protestants do not accept, just as the great painters have done. The connections of the sacred narrative with secular history are interesting and instructive, and it gives a vivid picture of the social and political status of the Jews in the early years of the first Christian century. The august theme of this book needs to be treated with reverence and with delicacy, and this we believe to be the spirit in which the story is written. The author, with evident sincerity, says: "Religious reverence and devotion for Him who drew His last breath on Mount Calvary have strengthened us while writing this book. With feelings of awe and respect did we undertake our task, and the same sentiments actuate us as we present our work to the public." The book is gotten up in uniform style with the large and valuable Foreign Library of the Gottsberger publishing house.

Mrs. Herndon's Income. By HELEN CAMPBELL. 12mo, pp. 534. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price \$1.50.

The readers of this MAGAZINE will remember the graphic sketches of Jerry McAuley and the Water

Street Mission, reprinted in its pages. In this volume the writer of those sketches resumes, on a larger scale and in the form of a story of absorbing interest, her studies of life among the lowly, and of efforts for their social and moral reclamation. The book is an earnest social study—an effort to find the best way to help the helpless—and as such it may well be pondered by all social philanthropists. Among the well-sketched characters is a German, Lessing, a poor wood-carver, who stands as the representative of the better type of philanthropic socialism. The writer argues strongly against the institutionalism dominating individualism in the cities, and creating or fostering the very evil it would relieve. The book abounds in blended touches of richest humour and tear-compelling pathos. The dialect conversations of some of Jerry McAuley's queer converts are admirably managed. This graphic story is something vastly better than a mere tale for idle amusement. It is instinct with an earnest moral purpose.

The Gates of Eden. A Story of Endeavour. By ANNIE S. SWAN. pp. 317. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs.

A new story by the author of "Aldersyde" and "Carlowrie" is a literary event. We know no recent writer who has so entered into the spirit of Scottish peasant life as the writer of these books. The honest pride, the humble piety, the pawky humour, the grim dourness of her various characters are brought out with a wonderful verisimilitude. A sombre vein runs through most of her stories, which is, perhaps, a national characteristic. Not even Sir Walter has surpassed her in her dramatic use of the poetic Lowland dialect. We hope it will never die out. The characters in this book are not at all idealized. One of the most prominent is a conceited, selfish prig of a Presbyterian minister, who is only brought to his better mind by being crossed in love, and

shamed into generosity by his noble-minded brother.

We know few things more grim than the death of the old miser, Peter Bethune of Auchtermairnie. He fully justified the words of his old sister, "Ye're aye the auld carle yet, as thrawn as a ravelled wab."

"What are ye claverin' there sae lang at?" asks the sick man; "am I gaun to dee or no', that's what I want to ken. Weel, if I maun dee, I maun, but I'm no' that auld. Wha's that clashin' wi' ye there? Are ye just waitin' till I'm a corp, to tak' a big haul? Na suner is a body laid doon wi' a gliff o' cauld than there's twa, three or half a dizen sittin' round like corbies, waitin' or he dee." Then to his nephew and sole heir, "Are ye come to look after the bawbees tae?" The story is very strongly told and conveys its wholesome moral.

The Cruise of the Mystery and Other Poems. By CELIA THAXTER. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In the leading poem of this dainty parchment volume Mrs. Thaxter has caught the very seaside atmosphere of her own Isle of Shoals. It is a gruesome tale of a spectre ship which, with its ghostly crew, ever brings portents of disaster to those who see it. The following closing verses have much of the weird quality of the "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner":—

And they were rescued, but the ship,
The awful ship, the *Mystery*,
Her captain in the dead men's grip—
Never to any port came she;

But up and down the roaring seas,
For ever and for aye she sails,
In calm or storm against the breeze,
Unshaken by the wildest gales.

And wheresoe'er her form appears
Come trouble and disaster sore,
And she has sailed a hundred years,
And she shall sail forevermore.

Half a hundred other poems, worthy of companionship with this fine ballad, complete a volume of superior merit.

Memoirs of the Rev. William Cooke, D.D. By SAMUEL HULME. Pp. 401. London : C. D. Ward. Toronto : William Briggs.

Very many persons in Canada will remember with pleasure the visit made to this country by Dr. Cooke a few years ago. He endeared himself to all who met him by his Christian urbanity, and to all the churches and conferences which he visited by the breadth as well as depth of his Christian sympathies. His life-long prayer and labour was for the peace of Jerusalem. He especially loved to bear the olive branch. He was greatly interested in the success of Christian union in Canada, and the latest labours of his life were to promote the same good cause in Great Britain. The list of his works—thirty-three in number, some of them large volumes which reached many editions—shows what can be accomplished in a busy pastoral and official life by the happy art of redeeming the time. He makes in this volume most kindly reference to his many Canadian friends, and pays a most worthy tribute to the many virtues and manly piety of his son-in-law, the late Robert Wilkes, of this city, whose untimely loss the Canadian Church will long deplore. A lithograph portrait of the strongly intellectual face and good gray head of Dr. Cooke lends an additional value to the pen picture here given.

Many Infallible Proofs: A Series of Chapters on the Evidences of Christianity. By ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D. Chicago : F. H. Revell. Toronto : S. R. Briggs. 12mo, \$1.25.

In this volume, Dr. Pierson, an accomplished writer and profound thinker, traces, as it were, his own spiritual biography. He tells us that he once found himself getting into the deep darkness of doubt. He presents the line of investigation which led him out of the gloom into the full light of day. These chapters, he says, are the blazed trees that mark the path by which one man got out of the forest. He examines the argument founded on

prophecy, miracles, on the Bible itself, its nature and supernatural elevation and moral beauty ; upon the character, person, teachings and power of Christ. The work is eminently popular in style. Busy men, who have not time for ponderous tomes, may find herein an antidote for the poison of infidelity, which is in the very air.

Household Remedies. By FELIX L. OSWALD, M.D. New York : Fowler & Wells. 12mo, pp. 229.

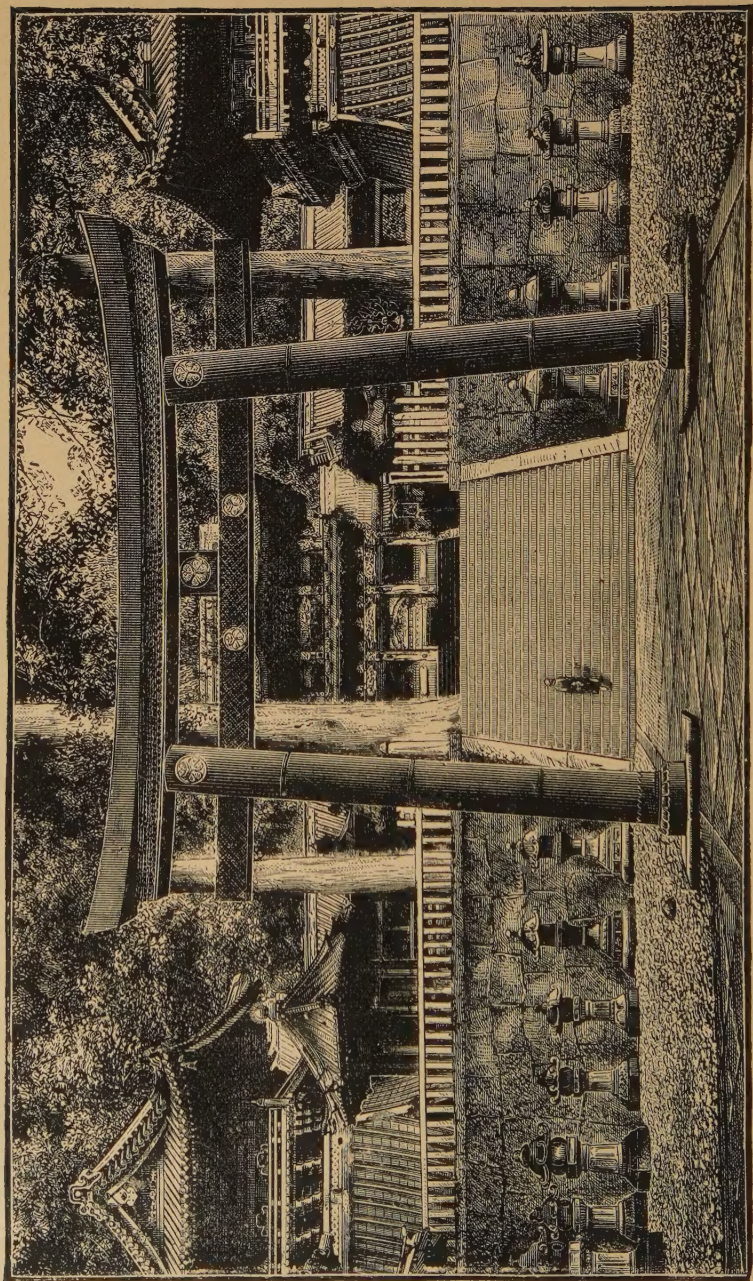
Dr. Oswald is known as one of the most brilliant medical writers of the day. His book is one on hygienic rather than medical treatment. His motto seems to be, "Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it." He urges dietetic reform, air and exercise as remedial agencies. By these means consumption, dyspepsia, enteric disorders and nervous maladies, he teaches, may in a great degree be prevented or cured. His chapters on the alcohol habit are wisely suggestive. If the laws of health here laid down were generally observed, the medical profession would have much less opportunity for the exercise of its skill.

LITERARY NOTES.

Our friend D. B. Read, Esq., Q.C., has been contributing to the *Magazine of Western History*, a very handsome and well-illustrated monthly, published at Cleveland, O., an admirable series of papers on the Bar of Upper Canada. His sketches of Chief Justice Osgoode and of Chief Justice Powell are worthy tributes to two distinguished Canadian jurists.

Parliamentary Practice, by Dr. NULY (New York: Phillips & Hunt, cloth, 25c.), is a little treatise on this subject which has reached its tenth thousand—a pretty good indication of its merit.

We have received the calendar of the University of Melbourne, Australia—a bound volume of 340 pages—an extraordinary document to issue from a place which forty years ago was a wilderness.



VIEW OF THE THIRD TERRACE, NIKKO TEMPLES (*Native Photograph.*)